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NOVEMBER 29, 1985

New! Improved! NR'S CAPITAL BULLETINS —See page 22

NATIONAL REVIEW

EXTRA!

VEN A CONSERVATIVE WHITE HOUSE CAN'T BEAT THE BUDGET

By M. Stanton Evans

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MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

How To Be Patriotic AND Unembarrassed About It. READ THOMAS PANGLE

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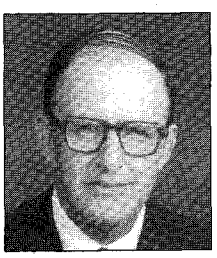
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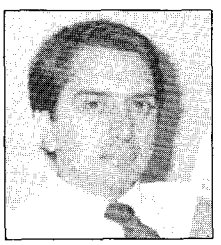
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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor Hartman

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LETTERS

Nuclear Weatherman

Just when I was all set to bundle up for the coming of nuclear winter, Brad Sparks tells me it isn't in the forecast ["The Scandal of Nuclear Winter," Nov. 15]. What should I do now—break out the tanning butter and beach blankets for nuclear summer? Get my tweeds out of mothballs in time for nuclear fall? Prepare the house for nuclear spring-cleaning? Well, until Carl Sagan gets his meteorology straight, I guess I'll just forget about the weather, relax, and listen to my favorite recording of Vivaldi's *Nuclear Seasons.*

Scott Willard
Franconia Notch, N.H.

We Are Not the World

Professor John Hutchinson's Bully Pulpit article ["Reagan and South Africa: The Case for Urgent Understanding," Nov. 1] is an important one, since it reflects almost everything that is right *and* wrong with the conservative view of the world. His description of the South African problem is sensitive and honest. Among other things, he suggests the senseless and often dishonest "liberal" propositions of disinvestment, intervention, and interference in a part of the world about which so many people claim to know everything while they understand nothing. He is also right in the projection of what ought to be obvious: that the overall "solution" of majority rule would soon transform that part of the world into a tyrannical dictatorship not dissimilar to those of the other black republics in Africa.

But then, at the end of the article, Professor Hutchinson calls on President Reagan to dispatch an American super-envoy and mediator, a presidential commission on South Africa, "to marshal . . . the facts and complications and opportunities in a place of great philosophical and strategic consequence to the United States. There might then be set in train a grand transoceanic condominium, the foundation for a shared house of freedom and security for all the races and persuasions, two great constitutionalisms, both founded in awful gravity, both colonialist and racist in origin, but both later exemplary to hemisphere and continent."

Apart from the—partly unhistorical—rhetoric of such a proposition, its implications are astounding. Is Ronald Reagan the President of the United States or the President of the World? Alas, the arrogance of such a proposition is not a whit different from those professed by our liberal globalists ever since Wilson; indeed, it may be worse. Even the leaders of the Soviet Union would be loath to profess and propose such ideas of world dominion.

If this is what goes under the name of "conservative" world view and foreign policy, then the word conservative is devoid of *all* meaning, in every sense of that now much abused word.

John Lukacs
Phoenixville, Pa.

Afghan Danger

NR readers should be warned that Lawrence Dickson's letter [Nov. 1], dismissing as groundless the risks to journalists covering the war in Afghanistan, is filled with errors and is an invitation to danger and death for anyone tempted to act on the basis of his description.

Serious coverage of Afghanistan is indeed urgently needed, but the dangers are very real—not "myths" or "empty pronouncements of the Soviet puppets" but the ruthless actions of Soviet forces—and they call for highly professional reporters who must, for their own safety, work with extremely reliable resistance agencies. To ignore or minimize those dangers is to court disaster.

When Dickson says that he knows of no journalist who has thus far "been caught or killed," he reveals his dangerous ignorance. In fact, three journalists have been killed: a Norwegian in 1982, an Australian in 1983, and an American in September 1985. Three journalists (and a doctor) have been captured, imprisoned, and forced to make "confessions." Others have been injured, have been contaminated in chemical attacks, or have narrowly escaped death. Even as Mr. Dickson was writing to *NR*, Charles Thornton of the *Phoenix Republic* was targeted and killed in a pre-planned ambush conducted by heliborne Soviet special forces; TASS has all but gloated over his death.

The widespread presence in and around Afghanistan of numerous Soviet agents and informers—along with adventurers and opportunists of every stripe—requires that the most careful precautions be tak-

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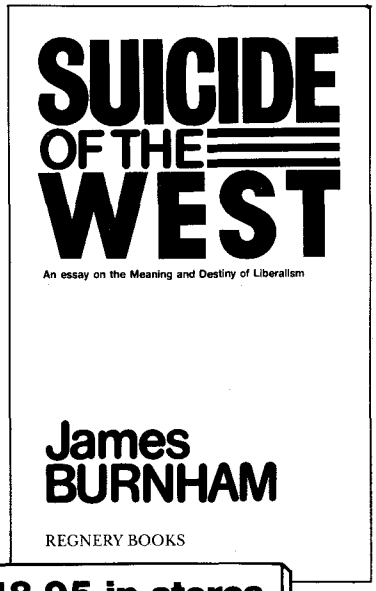

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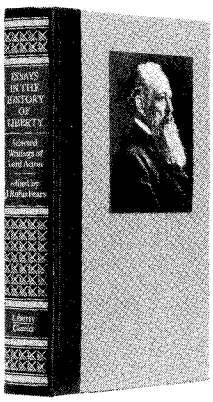

SELECTED WRITINGS OF
LORD ACTON
VOLUME I
ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY
OF LIBERTY

By John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton
Edited by J. Rufus Fears

Lord Acton was among the most significant figures in the intellectual life of Victorian England. His enormous erudition won him the admiration of Gladstone and led to his election to the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. There he became the organizer and first editor of the *Cambridge Modern History.*

Acton's famous aphorism "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely" may be juxtaposed with another Acton line "the development of liberty is the soul of history. . ." Acton wrote many essays, reviews and letters which reflect his great learning and his deep concern with liberty as the central concept for the understanding of history.

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en and arrangements be made only through the most reliable agencies. Thornton's tragic death might perhaps have been avoided had his trip not been arranged by organizations that, however good or even noble their intentions, lacked the expertise and the contacts needed to avoid unreliable escorts and probable informers.

Anyone who, reading Mr. Dickson's letter, might decide that it would be interesting, fairly easy, and not too dangerous to go to Afghanistan should be warned: The Afghan war is no place for amateurs.

Rosanne Klass
Director
Afghanistan Information Center
New York, N.Y.

Notes from Above Ground

Concerning Ludmila Koehler's letter [Oct. 18]: Interesting, that a member of the Department of Slavic Languages and Literature at the University of Pennsylvania would be unacquainted with Dostoyevsky's passionate anti-Semitism.

Nevertheless I'll answer her query ("Where exactly did Mr. Perlmutter find the 'obsessed people and their obsessed demonic ravings about the satanic tribe of Abraham'?").

My prime source was Dostoyevsky's *Diaries*. In these pages the mildest accusation against Jews is bestiality. Like Professor Stengel used to say, you could look it up.

I should cite, too, the abundant descriptions of Jewish passersby and merchants in *The Double*, *White Nights*, and *Crocodile*—though perhaps Miss Koehler is less bothered than I by references to "the light of avarice" in Jewish eyes, to "a garb whose darkness partakes of the darkness of original sin."

It may be, of course, that I am "a prime example of the '*prust*' phenomenon." It may be, too, that Miss Koehler cannot live with the fact that a great artist can also be a great anti-Semite. Well, as we *prust* philistines like to say, "That's life."

Nathan Perlmutter
National Director
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith
New York, N.Y.

Vegetables Supreme

Concerning the Supreme Court ["The Week," Nov. 15], the following bit of apocrypha recently circulated in our chambers.

Overheard in the Supreme Court dining room:

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JUSTICE O'CONNOR: I'll have the sirloin steak, please.

WAITER: What about the vegetables?

JUSTICE O'CONNOR: They can order for themselves.

Thomas W. Anderson
Tucson, Ariz.

Objection!

As a conservative and a criminal defense attorney, I was disturbed by Mr. Tucker's analysis of the impact of *Miranda* v. *Arizona* ["True Confessions: The Long Road Back from Miranda," Oct. 18]. While he is certainly correct that the decision had no effect on the rate of confessions, I am dubious as to his assessment of its impact on the criminal-justice system. Where are his supporting data that "confessions are constantly challenged successfully" and that "it is incontestable that the decision weakened law enforcement"? Both of his examples —Robert Williams and Emmanuel Torres—were cases that resulted in convictions. Does Mr. Tucker wish to deny convicts the right to review pre-trial legal issues?

James H. Burke Jr.
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

In the critique of *Miranda* v. *Arizona*, you have shown that the major decisions of the Warren Court, and some from the Burger Court, have weakened local law enforcement, often demonstrably increasing the exposure of individuals to assaults against their persons or property. What seems rarely noted, however, is that the tendency of Supreme Court decisions to weaken law enforcement has been highly selective; the Court has hardly ever made a ruling that more than mildly inconvenienced *federal* law forces.

The typical state crime is committed by one or a few persons over a short span of time; state trials tend to be short and to involve only one or a very few defendants. Federal prosecutions, however, are often gargantuan affairs, with defendants numbering in the dozens and trials running for months, with the jury expected in the end to sort out literally hundreds of different charges involving as many separate transactions, combining groups of defendants in limitless variety. Virtually no restriction has been imposed by federal courts on such proceedings. In fact, the normal rules of evidence are greatly broadened in such cases in favor of the prosecution, which can often offer in mass trials evidence that would not be allowed in the trial of any one defendant. The result of this selective attention to state procedural fairness has been a steady and perceptible flow of law-enforcement power from the states to the Federal Government.

Claude H. Tison Jr.
Tampa, Fla.

Socks Appeal

Mr. Robert Dame's astute observations ["America's Missing-Socks Crisis," Nov. 1] have alerted us to an acute problem of immense proportions. But even Mr. Dame, I think, understates the problem.

I believe I am fairly average, and I know for a fact I lose at least three or four socks each and every year. So, over the last 15 years I have lost perhaps sixty socks. Nationwide the total must approach 12 billion. Just think, if all these socks were to be found, we could clothe the world's feet in our lost socks. Seen another way, if these socks were placed end to end (taking an average sock length of 14 inches, as some people wear short socks and some knee-length, as I do), they would stretch out over 168 billion inches and encircle the earth more than a hundred times.

The day of reckoning is coming, but with keen judgment this ominous danger could be turned to our advantage.

Darold K. Beard, MD
Reisterstown, Md.

Bad Blood

In your reporting of the AIDS anti-discrimination law passed by the Los Angeles City Council ["The Week," Sept. 20], I am reminded of the debates now going on in the House and the Senate over funding for AIDS research. It is amusing to see such liberal luminaries as Senator Lowell Weicker all of a sudden exhibiting such "concern" for the general (non-gay) population of the United States. I happen to be a hemophiliac, and I have to take transfusions in order to be able to work and support my family. As a result, I am now susceptible to the AIDS virus. Not to mention the extra expense I will incur as a result of the screening plans now being discussed.

The outbreak of this deadly disease is a direct result of so-called "civil-rights laws" (in reality, special-interest laws) condoning perverted behavior. In state after state attempts to screen blood donors who are homosexual have been overturned because of so-called anti-discrimination laws. The liberals have a long record of taking something that was once considered evil (such as homosexuality) and, by passing laws, forcing the public to accept it as good and normal.

Joseph P. Grant
Sebastian, Fla.

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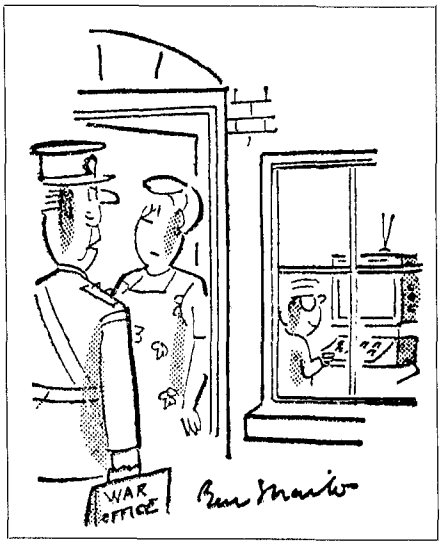
FOR THE RECORD

In the gubernatorial races it was a draw: The Democrats retained the statehouse in Virginia; Republican incumbent **Tom Kean** won a smashing 70 per cent victory in New Jersey. Of interest, Kean's pitch was to the left of the national Republican Party; Virginia Democratic candidate **Gerard Baliles**'s pitch was to the right of his national party. Commented Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk**: The Virginia race "makes it clear that when Democrats address common interests, mainstream concerns of the average American without regard to race or gender, we win." Said Republican National Chairman **Frank Fahrenkopf Jr.**: "[In Virginia] you had a Democratic ticket running as far away from the national Democratic Party as they could run." . . . Long-range outlook: This is second victory in a row for moderate Democrats in Virginia (retiring Gov. **Chuck Robb** is a Democrat), and could mark end of long decline in Virginia of Democratic fortunes touched off by defection of Sen. **Harry Byrd Jr.** a dozen years ago. In New Jersey, Kean, who won by less than two thousand votes in '81, will, for first time, have a GOP state assembly to work with; could consolidate GOP hold on state. . . . Fascinating exit polls in New Jersey (WABC-TV) show that Kean won 69 per cent of union vote, 60 per cent of black vote, cutting into traditional Democratic constituencies in industrial Northeast. . . . Erosion among blacks is the emerging political story since that *Public Opinion* poll in October showed **Reagan**'s popularity up to 28 per cent among blacks, from 10 per cent in 1980. Worse, in the view of Democratic strategists, is poll showing that 33 per cent of young blacks support Reagan. . . . It may be a sea-change, says **Kevin Phillips**; he points to those figures, to party switches by black politicians in South and Midwest (Wayne County Executive **William Lucas** in Michigan, among others), to blacks' dissatisfaction with liberal nostrums of traditional leaders (**Benjamin Hooks**, **Vernon Jordan**, **Coretta Scott King**), and to emergence of respected black conservative intellectuals (**Thomas Sowell**, **Walter Williams**). . . . In other races, most of them mayoral, the incumbent, in general, won: **Koch** of New York scored a boffo victory, as did **Coleman Young** in Detroit. Other winners: **George Voinovich**, Cleveland; **Donald Fraser**, Minneapolis; **Richard Caliguiri**, Pittsburgh; **Kathryn Whitmire**, Houston. Houston race a close one in which gay-rights issues predominated; Mrs. Whitmire ran a pro-gay-rights campaign.



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rotheo

"Your son is playing with my satellites."

Re-election of **Elizabeth Holtzman** as Brooklyn DA clears way for possible race against New York Republican Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato** if **Geraldine Ferraro** decides to pass. Also interested: former **Ralph Nader** aide **Mark Green**. . . . Touring the senatorial front: *Denver Post* quotes "close friends" of **Gary Hart** as saying he won't run for Senate again. . . . In Illinois, Rep. **Philip Crane** has taken himself out of senatorial contest. Polls show Democratic incumbent **Alan Dixon** would beat him. . . . Rep. **Barbara Mikulski** (D., Md.) is first (of many) to file for seat of retiring Sen. **Charles Mathias**. . . . Yale President **A. Bartlett Giamatti** has made it official: He won't run against Sen. **Christopher Dodd** in Connecticut. . . . In gubernatorial contest, **Adlai Stevenson III** is now officially in Illinois lists: He'll oppose Republican Gov. **James Thompson** for the second time. . . . In Massachusetts, **Ray Shamie** has taken himself out of consideration as opponent to Gov. **Michael Dukakis**. . . . Back in Connecticut, the *Litchfield Times* reports Sen. **Lowell Weicker** has decided against challenging Democratic Gov. **William O'Neill**. He'll stay in the Senate, says the *Times*, to "aggravate the New Right"; or as Weicker himself so delicately put it at a cocktail party: "I've always been the turd in the punchbowl." . . . Another development of interest: Now that "the infant **Kennedy**," as *NR* contributor **David Brudnoy** calls him, has taken himself out of race for **Tip O'Neill**'s 8th CD in Massachusetts, Brudnoy himself may enter the lists, as conservative Democrat. Brudnoy, 45, a well-known talk-show host in Boston, says he could be ready for a new career.

How come those three Soviet embassy officials were released in Lebanon when our six hostages remain captive? The release was arranged by Brig. Gen. **Ghazi Kanaan**, chief of Syrian intelligence in Beirut, because USSR is Syria's sugar daddy. . . . Interesting, in yearly vote to expel Israel from UN, backed by the Arab states and the Soviet bloc, Rumania voted for Israel this year; Poland and Hungary abstained. . . . UNESCO has bombed again. Britain has rejected out of hand its plea that she return the Elgin Marbles to Greece. . . . Former UN Secretary General **Kurt Waldheim** may be the next president of Austria. He'll run as *independent but with backing of* conservative Austrian People's Party.

During UN's fortieth-anniversary festivities the Association for a Better New York launched campaign to improve manners of cab drivers, waiters, bellhops, street vendors. Commented one amused New Yorker: "It's the greatest behavior-modification effort since **Mao** took power in China."

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THE WEEK

☐ In the New York City mayoral election four years ago, Ed Koch, running on both the Democratic and Republican lines, took 70 per cent of the vote. This year, with only the Democratic nomination, he won 75 per cent of the vote. Call it a rebuilding year for the GOP.

☐ Good news for feminists from the *Detroit News*, which reports on a promising new way to promote equality between the sexes. It's called Reaganomics. "Since the dreaded Mr. Reagan came to power in 1980 the country has created 7,067,000 jobs, and women took 5,540,000, or 78.4 per cent." The *News* adds that "about 65 per cent of all the wage and salary growth since 1980 has gone to women, not men," and, best of all, that "women have achieved individual dreams by dint of individual effort, not government subsidy." Editorialist Lisa Schiffren observes that "if the National Organization for Women really wants to be relevant, they'll lobby for tax cuts for all those workers and the people who provide jobs for them, and then open a venture-capital arm."

☐ There has been a lot of excitement over the public rebuttals attempted by Justices William Brennan and John Paul Stevens of recent remarks by Attorney General Edwin Meese, and a lot of print has been devoted to analyses, almost always ideologically self-serving, of the substance of the argument. The issue is really rather cut and dried. In essence, Meese says that the majority in the Court has been treating the Constitution like a Rorschach ink blot, finding in it things like a "right to privacy" that prohibits state legislatures from writing their own abortion laws; First Amendment protection for go-go dancers; etc. Meese is right. But we are nearing the end of the Warren era, and with a couple of Reagan appointments the end will be at hand. The Brennan-Stevens performance amounts to a last cannonade from a sinking galleon. Glug, glug.

☐ Secretary of the Navy John Lehman was as correct as he was blunt in criticizing the plea bargaining that got the Walker spies relatively light sentences. What Walker *père* disclosed to this country's enemies may have cost men their lives; what he can disclose to our own government is likely to be trivial, and, as Lehman said, the leniency shown him implies that "espionage is just another white-collar crime." Nevertheless, Caspar Weinberger went out of his way to call Lehman's remarks "injudicious and incorrect." Well, injudicious, maybe; as the poet says, "That truth should be silent I had almost forgot."

☐ Winston Lord, the Administration's choice to be ambassador to Peking, was blocked in the Senate for more than three months by Jesse Helms. Several accounts of the story likened Helms's action to the Senate's refusal, earlier in the year, to confirm William Bradford Reynolds as Associate Attorney General. There are, however, distinctions to be drawn. Helms's target was not Lord, but American aid to the United Nations Fund for Population Activities. The Fund assists countries, including Red China, that have compulsory abortion and sterilization programs. The Administration—or, at least, the relevant bureaucracies—argued that there is a very indirect link between U.S. dollars and forced foreign abortions (Lord, in his Senate testimony, agreed). Helms felt it was direct enough to be covered by American law, which forbids such assistance; he also felt that Reagan, if his attention were drawn to the policy, would oppose it. In holding up Lord, Helms was thus seeking a definition of policy. In rejecting Reynolds, the Senate was simply saying it didn't like Reagan's policies. Maybe it doesn't. Then it should have gone to the voters in 1984. The President has the right to appoint people who agree with him. Short of gross incompetence or a seamy past, presidential nominees should expect to be confirmed. If they're used as footballs along the way, that's only extra training.

☐ George Bush and Jack Kemp have each been to

Gramm, Rudman, & Hollings

They won't appear on coins or bills
Or on Mount Rushmore's sacred hills,
But watching Tip and Teddy sweat
Suggests this trio ain't all wet.

W. H. von Dreele

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Michigan numerous times so far this year. And there is no telling how many times they will revisit before the Michigan precinct caucuses next August; nor how many times Bob Dole, Howard Baker, Pierre du Pont, and other hopefuls will show their faces. We have learned the great lesson of 1972 and 1976, discovered by George McGovern and reconfirmed by Jimmy Carter: the importance of the early start. Maybe in a dozen years we will begin to learn the lesson of 1980 and 1984: that the early start is not everything. George Bush spent so much time in Iowa in 1979 that he became eligible to vote there; he won his victory; and he came to naught. No one was better prepared for 1984 than Walter Mondale. He too won the Iowa opener—only to see everything almost wash away before the Hart surge. All the groundwork in the world is of no use unless it prepares the way for a concrete message. Bush lacked one five years ago, and failed; Mondale, it turned out, had one—at least for Democratic voters—and it saved his skin. Remember that, gentlemen, when you're barnstorming Ypsilanti.

☐ The agitprop boys are tossing the possibilities around. The object is to soften up the West prior to the summit with a compassionate gesture of some sort. Release Shcharansky? No, too dangerous. The guy's been in Gulag for 12 years, and he has an audience. He'd give us a very bad press. Sure, after a while everyone will forget all about him, look at Solzhenitsyn. But initially it would be counterproductive. Sakharov? Forget it: The Chief has him right where he wants him, isolated and silenced in Gorky. Well, how about Yelena? (*A stirring of interest.*) Yelena Bonner, Sakharov's wife. She's got serious medical problems, and with the old man here she won't dare open her mouth to the press. We're agreed then? (*A week later.*) The news reaches the West through the usual devious channels, a West German paper, Victor Louis. Mrs. Sakharov will be given a three-month visa for medical treatment in the West —after the summit. No use taking a chance. Another week or two won't matter when you consider it's more than two years since she first applied, and her problems were urgent then.

☐ In between imposing a state of siege on his country, jogging in Central Park, and bloviating in the United Nations, Daniel Ortega found time to appear on the Donahue show. While Phil obviously feels more at home interviewing alternative-lifestylers, quack sociologists, and male strippers, he tried to ask some tough questions, but turned to Jello when Nicaragua's little dictator answered them with his usual chutzpah. Ortega, who was wearing a suit rather than his trademark green fatigues, told Donahue, "We are against militarization of any kind." When asked about the *levée en masse* that is causing many young Nicaraguans to leave the country, Ortega replied, "The only problem with the military is keeping people out . . . They all want to join." When a member of the audience asked, "Who is responsible for all the disappearances?" the answer was "U.S. tax dollars." There was one bright spot: When Phil said, "At least we don't have to submit this program to a government censor," it was the only remark that met with applause. One cheer for Phil.

☐ Soon after Jonas Savimbi's UNITA guerrillas repelled a major offensive by the Marxist government of Angola, Representatives Jack Kemp and Claude Pepper introduced a bill to provide the rebels with $27 million in (non-lethal) aid. Evidently fearing that any aid to the democratic rebels would endanger negotiations now under way with the Soviet-backed government, Secretary of State Shultz wrote a letter to House Minority Leader Bob Michel urging that the legislation "be discouraged." In a sharp response, Michel affirmed his support for Savimbi, saying that U.S. aid to UNITA was a "moral necessity." Foggy Bottom thought is very foggy these days.

☐ It seems the CIA has a plan, originally covert, to destabilize Colonel Qaddafi. How do we know? Because it appeared on the front page of the *Washington Post* on a Sunday, and the front page of the *New York Times* on a Monday. Judging from internal evidence, the scoop was passed on by congressional-intelligence-committee members or staffers who didn't like the idea but couldn't muster the votes to stop it. So the system of leaks and balances is in order, and the First Amendment's freedom to express. Which leaves only the question of the ability to formulate a foreign policy, as the *Federalist* (Number 64) acknowledges: "There are cases where the most useful intelligence may be obtained, if the persons possessing it can be relieved from apprehensions of discov-

Garland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rotheo

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

CONSERVATIVES in Congress generally favor the Reagan-Gorbachev summit because it gives the President a chance to confront the Soviets with their assorted inhumanities, and because it offers some hope of improving the condition of superpower coexistence. But Hill conservatives are also in a watchful mood, and a trifle leery of the meeting, lest Mr. Reagan compromise too much, especially on Star Wars (Strategic Defense Initiative). Thoughtful policymakers are mobilizing to back a set of five broad principles put together by Senator Pete Wilson (R., Calif.), dubbed unsurprisingly the Wilson Principles. Pete Wilson is not exactly a household word among foreign-policy-makers, but the checklist he has assembled (with analyst Kim Holmes) is a useful instrument by which Americans will be able to judge whether President Reagan has protected their interests at the summit.

1. *Do not let the USSR set the agenda.* The Soviets are entitled to address their concerns, declares Wilson, and we are entitled to address ours. "They will not be the same," he warns.

2. *Do not limit the talks to arms control.* Wilson stresses that "a linkage" must be maintained between arms control and a) human rights, b) violations of the Helsinki Accords, c) sponsorship of terrorism, d) sponsorship of regional aggression and subversion, and e) espionage under diplomatic cover. President Reagan's late October address at the UN, almost universally regarded here as masterly, reconstituted linkage, and Secretary Shultz's early November meeting on the summit agenda with Soviet Foreign Minister Shevardnadze cemented it in place.

3. *All agreements must be strictly verifiable.* History makes clear that the Soviets are not to be trusted, says Wilson. "When they think they can violate agreements without notice or without cost, they will do so." Under Gorbachev, there has been no change from the historical pattern of Soviet behavior. Soviet construction of the Krasnoyarsk radar and deployment of the new SS-25 missile, violating the ABM and SALT II treaties, respectively, are instances in point.

4. *Negotiations must make clear that when the Soviets violate an agreement, they will pay a cost.* It does no good to monitor and verify performance if, when a Soviet violation is detected, no cost is exacted. "If the value to the Soviets in entering an agreement is to secure our forbearance from a particular activity," notes California's junior senator, "then the cost for their violation should be our abandonment of that obligation."

5. *Summit negotiations must not hinder U.S. research, development, testing, or future deployment of defensive technologies, notably the SDI.* Some as yet undiscovered defensive technology may hold out the promise of supplanting the "balance of nuclear terror" with "mutually assured survival," says Wilson. "Why give up such technology now in exchange for a concession of incomparably lower value?" Indeed, Wilson is hard put to conceive of anything the Soviets could offer as adequate consideration for us to abandon the SDI. He cites only one such concession: the verified surrender of any strategic and conventional offensive first-strike capability.

Clearly the SDI is the Golden Fleece of the summit, which conservatives are attempting to secure with all manner of fences and trip wires. Wilson blasts Shultz for announcing that we will abide by a more restrictive interpretation of Agreed Statement D in the ABM treaty. Even if we continue to accord that treaty any validity, the codicil clearly stipulates that any future systems not in being at the time of signing may be limited only by amendment of the treaty. "In other words," argues Wilson, "the Soviets refuse to agree to foreclose their use of some future defense based on other principles then unknown." Shultz, and later Reagan, however, gave the ABM document a more restrictive reading: i.e., development and testing of space-based defenses are prohibited. Thus, complains Wilson, we acted unilaterally and, in exchange for nothing from the Soviets, surrendered that to which, even under the terms of the treaty, we are entitled.

The President must drive a hard bargain with the Soviets at Geneva. If conservatives and moderates in Congress have their way, Wilson's Principles will be the criteria by which that bargaining in Geneva will be measured, to determine not only how well Reagan serves the national interest, but also whether the Senate will in its sober wisdom eventually vote yea or nay on a future arms agreement.

—CATO

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ery. . . . The [Constitutional] convention have done well . . . to [en]able [the President] to manage the business of intelligence in such manner as prudence may suggest."

□ While the Western world frantically seeks a cure for AIDS, the Soviets have triumphantly located its cause: the CIA. The Moscow weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta* says the deadly virus is the fruit of CIA experiments in biological warfare. And then the Soviets called a press conference to reveal that in Rome we had drugged one of their security officials, ole swivelhips Yurchenko, stuffed him into an airplane, and tortured him in the dungeons of Langley. (Oughta have a congressional investigation of CIA torturers. Clearly they are undernourished.) All in all, the Soviets seem to be on their best behavior on the eve of the summit.

□ Budget Director James Miller calculates November 14 will be "drop-dead day"—the day the government runs out of money. We're counting the hours.

□ If *that* doesn't get the economy booming, nothing will.

□ A small, possibly pregnant, Soviet submarine has reportedly been seen swimming up the Sacramento River, and has so far baffled marine biologists' efforts to lure it back to its fleet.

□ ERRATUM: In John Hutchinson's article "Reagan

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and South Africa: The Case for Urgent Understanding" (Nov. 1), Ian Wyllie was identified as editor of the *Natal Mercury*. He is actually editor of the *Sunday Tribune*.

☐ The Poles have come to realize that there are only two solutions to their country's problems. The first is the realistic solution, and the second is the miraculous solution. The realistic solution is that Our Lady of Czestochowa will appear and announce the Second Coming, whereupon legions of angels will rescue the most Catholic country from the infidels. The miraculous solution would be for free elections to be called.

Struggle over Agenda

FOR TOO LONG the White House had given the Soviets a free ride on agenda-setting for the coming summit, seeming not to realize that the agenda is a political matter, perhaps the decisive political matter, or that it is set not only in discussions between Secretary Shultz and Foreign Minister Shevardnadze, but also in the public imagery projected. As the date for the summit approached, Mikhail Gorbachev and his propaganda tacticians had succeeded in making "arms control" the centerpiece, perhaps the only piece; and this version of the agenda, solidifying, received the bemused backing of our NATO allies and their media, and of our own major media, emphatically including the *New York Times*. It was as if a huge megaphone kept chanting, "Arms control. . . . Arms control. . . . Arms control."

The Soviets want the focus to remain on "arms control"—a term that means very different things depending on the context—for very good reasons indeed. 1) In the present context, "arms control" means negotiating about Star Wars; *that* is really the only item the Soviets want to control—i.e., block—and the only substantive reason there is going to be a summit in the first place. 2) "Arms control" is the only item on which the Soviets calculate that they will not be on the defensive and that, indeed, they have much to gain (they do not want, say, Afghanistan and similar items highlighted). 3) By focusing on "arms control" they enlist the support of many in the West who would be much less enthusiastic about matters such as shooting the Pope, invading Afghanistan, or sponsoring worldwide terrorism. And 4) Star Wars threatens virtually the only basis of the Soviets' superpower status. Take away their ICBM threat and they are only a regional power, another India. Mr. Gorbachev is not as skeptical about Star Wars as the Union of Concerned Scientists is. He thinks it will work, or he would not have offered an unheard of reduction in Soviet land-based missiles.

In his UN speech, the President finally moved to alter this agenda. He did not even *mention* "arms control"—not once. The power of its absence produced global shock waves.

Carefully considered, the speech did not indicate that "arms control" is "unimportant." Rather, in the jargon of today's new literary critics, it de-prioritized it, challenged its privileged status. Mr. Reagan stated, in effect, that Star Wars is far too important to arms-control it away.

Moved *up* on the political agenda by the speech were some items Mr. Gorbachev would rather not discuss: the presence of Soviet troops or Soviet auxiliaries not only in Afghanistan, but in Angola, Ethiopia, Cambodia, and Nicaragua, to mention only Mr. Reagan's shopping list at the UN. Judging by their reaction, Western political leaders and the Western media are only slightly less enthusiastic about ventilating such subjects than Gorbachev himself.

The President, indeed, dared to utter some truths seldom heard at the United Nations: that weapons, including nuclear ones, do not cause war; that the threat of war derives from political conflict; and that today's political conflict results from the nature of the Soviet system. The President quoted from Andrei Sakharov's Nobel Peace Prize message: "International trust, mutual understanding, disarmament, and international security are inconceivable without an open society with freedom of information, freedom of conscience, the right to publish, and the right to travel and choose the country in which one wishes to live." We are not threatened with nuclear war by either France or England; were they dictatorships, they could easily practice nuclear blackmail.

Never, perhaps, has the accuracy of the Hive analogy been so thoroughly demonstrated as in the reaction to this speech. Moscow commented as usual in its controlled press that Reagan had ignored the "burning problems of nuclear disarmament" and instead had defended his policy of "international banditry." Daniel Ortega said that Reagan's policies are "against God," using an uncharacteristically religious vocabulary. Europeans were "disappointed" by his omission of "arms control" and his willingness to raise divisive issues like Afghanistan and human rights. The *New York Times* editorialized in weary tones that Reagan did not "enhance his credibility" and thought he "threw away a precious chance to bid for the moral high ground with his global audience." The phrase "moral high ground" here must mean Gorbachev's agenda. Clearly, taking the moral high ground does not consist in speaking the truth, as Reagan did, about the nature of the Soviet system and its effect upon international relations.

The pressure to bargain away Star Wars for some illusory reductions in Soviet missiles will mount inexorably. It will—it already has—become more intense than the pressure over the neutron weapon, the freeze, or the Pershing II deployment. You do not

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see Robert Jastrow on the *CBS Morning News*. You see Paul Warnke and William Gerard Smith in total agreement that Star Wars is a bad idea. (Gorbachev does not think it's a bad idea, only bad for him.) Some 1,600 academic scientists have indicated that they will not work for Star Wars.

The President's UN speech indicated that he is not going to be conned. *Oremus.*

The Capitol Hill Miracle Diet

CONGRESS's preferred way to lose fiscal weight is not to stop overspending right now, but to force itself to taper off sometime in the future. Its resolve would look more convincing were it not in mid-binge on a platter of goodies ranging from farm-fresh subsidies to urban tidbits to new enriched superfund.

The only drawback is that in our system Congress was never meant to bind its successors, which means that the Gramm-Rudman bill has to go through contortions—like a Ulysses without help from his crew—to strap itself to the mast. As the bill is written, Congress will be free to loosen its bonds at will unless President Reagan's veto emerges from its institutional hibernation. And many observers think the courts will strike down on separation-of-powers grounds a clause that would allow the head of the Congressional Budget Office (CBO), a legislative-branch appointee, to prescribe numbers binding on the executive branch. Like the legislative veto, another separation-of-powers blurrer, the bill would attempt to remedy, through separate procedures, a problem (overspending, overregulation) that Congress has itself helped to create in its earlier legislation.

The bill would also make formal and binding many concepts, notions, and aids to thinking that have up to now been informal parts of budget analysis. "Relatively controllable spending" would become a legally recognized category. One effect would be to submerge the budget process in an even more impenetrable bureaucracy; another would be to give important power to various functionaries who get to define the terms at issue. In order to force the President to submit budgets with particular specifications, without treading on his constitutional power to recommend to Congress whatever he sees fit, the bill invites him to submit *two* budgets, one complying with the law, the other representing his real wishes.

The Gramm-Rudman bill wrestles bravely with these problems, many of which may be insoluble. Its House Democratic counterpart, by contrast, is in no danger of being accused of an excess of bravery. Senator Packwood has charged, and knowledgeable House sources back him up, that the Democratic version is deliberately written to be struck down as unconstitutional. It includes a clause denying "severability," so that if one phrase or clause is struck down the entire law becomes null and void. It removes a provision instructing the CBO to confer with the Office of Management and Budget on its figures, a provision that might conceivably have rescued the procedure from constitutional challenge. And it provides for expedited court review, so that its time bombs can go off as quickly as possible. Imagine the outcry if Republicans used the same tricks to sabotage, say, toxic-waste legislation.

Although defense might be hardest hit by the legislation, some domestic programs could be affected too, which has caused many liberals to rediscover the sanctity of the legislature's historical "power of the purse" as a way of restraining kingly discretion. (Memories are short: Back in the Carter years conservatives were attacked for their use of appropriations riders, while under Kennedy many liberals wanted to give the executive branch power to alter some taxes at will as a "fine-tuning" device.) But to borrow a trope from Justice Brennan, the liberals do not realize that the world has changed in the past two hundred years. What used to make the power of the purse such a decisive force for the liberty of the citizens is that no money got spent unless both Congress and the President agreed. The real departure from historical tradition is that Congress can now force spending on an unwilling executive, impoundment having been banned and debt-ceiling increases and continuing resolutions having emerged as the main vehicles for policy change, both of them calculated to minimize the President's effective veto power. It is this imbalance of powers that demands rectification, whether or not Gramm-Rudman is the right way to achieve it.

Drama in Manila

THE FIRST ACT of the new Battle for Manila, "The Election," does not make for particularly gripping theater. Marcos will win the special election he has called, the opposition will cry foul, and the Philippines will stagger on. This will be the outcome whether the election is manipulated, rigged, or a model of fairness. Marcos has considerable popular support in his country, and he is simply not likely to lose a short campaign against a divided opposition.

The election is a rather humdrum prelude to the real drama ahead. Elections make politicians cautious, and the requirement, in the Philippines, is for boldness. Elections tend to cause the postponement of economic and military reforms, which the Philippines urgently need. If Marcos has his way the election will be followed by an Act II entitled "Business As Usual."

The real drama in this theater is actually taking place behind the scenes, where an entirely new set is being constructed by a vagabond crew that is conspiring to take over the entire theater during the sec-

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Who's Got the Budget?

The cookie jar's been emptied;
  The mattress hides no dough.
The Army's screaming poverty,
  And seniors holler, "No!"
The ink is red as rubies
  As congresspersons cluck,
So meet me in Las Vegas and
  We'll try the slots for luck.

W. H. von Dreele

ond act. In the jungles and mountains of the Philippines, a Communist insurgency is burgeoning. The insurgency began as an indigenous movement, but the Soviet Union is now making concerted efforts to contact its leaders, offering them arms, assistance, and a de facto superpower alliance. We've seen this plot before, yet the feeling of *déjà vu* is anything but boring.

The temptation is to wait for Marcos—68 years old and ailing—to pass naturally from the scene so that Act III, "Peace and Stability Miraculously Break Out," can begin. But Marcos could easily stay in power until 1990 or beyond, by which time the drama could be coming to a sorry end in the Philippines. U.S. intelligence does not think much time will pass before the insurgents will have enough strength to challenge the government directly. Drastic changes will have to be made in the Philippine military—and made soon—if the tide is to be turned before then. Cronyism, corruption, and the lack of a sound strategy for dealing with the insurgents have made the military an exceedingly thin reed of support for the present government.

Like it or not, it is Marcos whom the United States is going to be working with throughout Act II. The upcoming election may bolster him a bit, both domestically and internationally, but it will not save the Philippines from disaster. Act II had better be entitled "The Rejuvenation of the Philippine Military" if it is not to usher in the final act of a Sophoclean tragedy. The last thing we need is a premiere in the Pacific theater of *The People's Democratic Republic of the Philippines.*

Education and Culture

In their studies of American ethnic groups, researchers such as Thomas Sowell have found that the most important baggage an immigrant takes off the boat is cultural. Those who valued book learning, or skilled labor, in the old country move more rapidly up the economic ladder than those who did not.

The same cultural patterns affect classroom achievement, according to a study, which has come to our attention, undertaken at the University of Michigan. The researchers compared schoolchildren in Minneapolis, Taipei, and Sendai, Japan. They focused on first- and fifth-graders.

American first-graders—the *tabulae rasae* of the educational system—lagged behind their Japanese and Taiwanese peers in math and reading comprehension. By fifth grade, the Americans had caught up in reading, but fallen even further behind in math.

Some of the differences can be partly attributed to goings-on in the classroom. American teachers spend less time on math; American kids spend less time in school, and appear to waste—chattering, daydreaming—more of the time they do spend there.

But the classroom isn't everything. The American fifth-graders, the study found, averaged 46 minutes of homework a day, as compared with 57 minutes for the Japanese, and a whopping 114 for the Taiwanese. The mothers in Minneapolis typically cited "ability" as the determining factor in a child's performance; the mothers in Taipei and Sendai plumped for "effort."

Ninety-one per cent of the American mothers, finally, thought their children's schools were doing a good job, while less than half of the Taiwanese and Japanese mothers thought so. Americans, it would seem, work less, want to work less, and are complacent about the results.

Harold Stevenson, the director of the Michigan study, had this to say: "One wonders how practical it is to push now for educational reform. Schools can only respond to the needs expressed by the parents and citizens who pay for them. There is little indication from our data that American parents are sufficiently dissatisfied with the education their children are getting to alter their attitudes."

Whose Life Is It Anyway?

We are now seeing another great boom in government regulation—directed, this time, not so much at the business community as at the behavior of the ordinary citizen. San Francisco has passed a law making it difficult for people to smoke in their offices. Congress has shrilled up the warnings on cigarette packages. Liquor advertising and use is under rising legal assault, and the right to a glass of beer is being taken away not only from the minority of twenty-year-olds who drive after drinking, but also from the majority who do not.

To some extent, of course, measures like these are rationalized in terms of public safety. But to some extent all of them partake of paternalism—the desire to protect us from our own choices. Like the "consumerism" of Ralph Nader, they add to the injury of coercing us the insult of smugly reassuring us that we don't know our own best interests.

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One of the purest examples of paternalism is the sort of laws enacted in more than a dozen states in the past year compelling the use of seat belts. Not surprisingly, liberals of the Mario Cuomo stripe have been leaders in the campaign for such laws. But, incredibly, the Reagan Administration is pressing the remaining states to follow suit.

A Reagan regulatory official has denied that the issue is one of pure paternalism because, he says, taxpayers pick up the medical bills of crash victims. This is sophistry. Bad enough, by any measure, to have the government nationalize the health system; but far worse for it to nationalize our very bodies and treat us as trespassers on government property when we put wear and tear on them. Nothing in this argument would not equally apply to the banning of rugby, say, or the mandatory dulling of kitchen knives, or any other scheme to sacrifice liberty to the cultivation of better accident statistics.

In this smashup of Reaganite values, one of the principles that exploded on impact was that of federalism. Not long ago the Republican platform sensibly called for restoring speed limits to state and local control. Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole not only has reneged on that pledge but has led further incursions against local self-rule, first on the issue of drinking ages (which she thinks it would be nice to set at 24) and now on the seat-belt issue. As the *Washington Post* once remarked in another context, it's too bad Ronald Reagan was never elected President. He'd have known what to do about regulations like these.

A/K/A Quotas

YOU WOULD think that an Executive Order, in respect of federal contracting, that forbade "any scheme, device, or techique that discriminates against . . . any individual or group on the basis of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin" would be in the spirit of the civil-rights laws? Certainly in the spirit of the Reagan Administration and its dedication to color-blindness?

Think again. The target of the proposed Executive Order is, of course, affirmative action—a/k/a quotas, which is to say reverse discrimination, which is to say, simply, discrimination. Reverse discrimination was not envisioned by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, nor was it mandated in Lyndon Johnson's Executive Order 11246, which defined government policy as "provid-[ing] equal opportunity" and "prohibit[ing] discrimination." But Executive Order 11246 did call for "positive, continuing" programs to promote opportunity, and it charged the Secretary of Labor with erecting the necessary guidelines. When the civil-rights movement shifted its focus from common rights to special privilege, the mechanisms were in place.

The proposed return to true civil-rights principles is supported by Ed Meese (Attorney General), Clarence Pendleton (chairman of the Civil Rights Commission), Clarence Thomas (chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission). It's opposed by Bill Brock (Secretary of Labor), Elizabeth Dole (Secretary of Transportation), and the usual weak sisters on the Hill. The Reagan Administration has boldly challenged reverse discrimination in the courts. It can scarcely decline to take it on where it is clearly within its immediate power to do so.

Orson Welles, RIP

MAYBE ORSON WELLES was born to be a boy wonder, and nothing after his youth could live up to his early success. That is no reason for regret. Some people seem made for specialized achievements, and it's pointless to pine for what they might have done but didn't.

He was a smash on radio (*The War of the Worlds*), stage (a "fascist" *Julius Caesar*), and screen (*Citizen Kane*, for openers). Someone said of him, when he did a stage version of *Moby Dick* in the Fifties, that he attempted only the impossible. His work had no great depth; it was the apotheosis of gimmickry. But what glorious gimmicks! Whether or not *Kane* is the greatest of films, it is more fun than any film of comparable stature, still thrilling for its technical inventiveness, its way of anticipating and leaping ahead of the viewer's expectations.

The latter part of his life was given to distinguished walk-ons, which he always hammed up charmingly. He played Harry Lime in *The Third Man* with his patented booming mutter, a man whose villainy consisted in a simple refusal to grow up and face the evil consequences of his own insouciance, a murderous Peter Pan. He had a strange affinity for the role, as if his own genius just might, under the wrong circumstances, have taken such a turn. Happily, it didn't. He is ever so much more to be appreciated than regretted. A life that peaks too early can still be a great one.

John Davis Lodge, RIP

JOHN DAVIS LODGE was born in Washington, D.C., in what is now the F Street Club, as President Theodore Roosevelt was completing his first term. One can hear his nurse saying to the infant, "The auspices for you are just fine, John. It is a great country, and you will serve it well, and you will grow to love each other very much. Now . . . go to sleep." Advice little John took a long 82 years later, under perfect circumstances.

We all know what he did. Harvard. Law school. Law. Movies. Navy. Congressman. Governor. Ambas-

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It's an Allergy

South Africa's fighting Angola;
  Angola's a Soviet pawn.
Those Cubans, according to Castro,
  Are only for mowing a lawn.
Savimbi commands the guerrillas
  Resisting the Communists, but
South Africa's fighting Angola,
  Which gets Mr. Dodd in the gut.

W. H. VON DREELE

sador. Ambassador. Civic leader. Ambassador. Retirement.

How brief that retirement was. His friends knew that he was unhappy to leave formal public service. (He could not understand a decision by the State Department to relieve him of duty simply because he was 82 years old. After all, hadn't even older men served? Wasn't Methuselah older?) When the word came that he simply had to retire, he was unhappy and a little resentful. But then of course immediately on his return to Connecticut he was named a public member of the United States delegation to the United Nations; and there he was, back at work.

Back at work, for John Lodge, meant defending the United States and its ideals against all comers. He did this resourcefully, fervently, gracefully, and in just about whatever language best suited his interrogator. The tradition of the Lodges—public service—suggested a responsibility to oblige the habits of others, and if yours was to speak in French, or in Spanish, or in Italian, why John Lodge would speak to you in that language. At any length. With total devotion to the points that needed to be made, or to be clarified. If ever anyone left the presence of John Lodge his reservations about America unsatisfied, that man was irresolute. John Lodge's devotion to his country was his high animating engine, and he counted it a day eternally lost if he could not make someone *understand* the reasons for siding with America against all alien faiths.

Some of his friends didn't need converting by John Davis Lodge, and so we were satisfied merely to enjoy his company and that of his beloved Francesca: and, sometimes, to listen in when he accosted the unbelievers, watch him spin out his charm, talk of America's great achievements, of the need to stand by her in times of difficulty. In making his famous toasts he would be the trained lawyer, burnishing his ingenuity as an advocate. The polished actor, trained in Hollywood to reach for the ganglion of the listener's thought and emotions. The naval commander on the bridge, surveying the scene of battle and weighing the apocalyptic alternatives. The state governor, exercising executive decisiveness. The legislator, crafting wise positions. The ambassador, courting the favorable attention of his peers. The politician, reminding us of the evils that lurk in the policies of the adversary.

And then, on that final day, one more speech completed, an elderly man, while still on the platform, requested the refreshment of a glass of water, and received instead eternal refreshment, his boots still on.

John Davis Lodge was an exemplary citizen, husband, father, and friend. The best he'd have wished to hear about himself was that he merited his country's affections. And the best that can be said of his country was that it merited the loyalty of John Davis Lodge. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to our readers:

As we go to press, neither of the two letters below has been published. By telephone with *Newsweek*, we learn that a "shortened" version of the letter addressed to it will appear next week (about the same time this issue reaches our subscribers). The *New York Times* advises that its legal department will need to check the wording of the letter addressed to it. Since all of this takes time, we proceed to scoop *Newsweek* and the *Times*. In due course, our readers will be hearing more from us about the *Liberty* [*sic*] *Lobby* v. NATIONAL REVIEW case. —WFB

October 27, 1985

Editor
Newsweek Magazine
444 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Sirs:

Your item (October 21) entitled "Firing Line in the Courtroom" has got to be a matter of concern for those friends of *Newsweek* who worry about your reputation. You report on a lawsuit between NATIONAL REVIEW (of which I am the editor) and Liberty Lobby (run by Willis Carto) in which you refer to them as "two apostles of conservatism." You conclude by quoting "a Carto ally" as saying, "They [i.e., I, and Carto] agree on about 90 per cent of their positions."

That is about as illuminating as if NATIONAL REVIEW were to report that *Newsweek* and the Soviet Union agreed "on about 90 per cent of their positions" (health care, Social Security, educational opportunity for all . . .). What is distinctive about Liberty Lobby isn't its love of the American Flag or its belief in the free market. The outstanding contribution of Liberty Lobby to the public discourse is its concern, as its prime mover put it in a letter, for the "niggerfication"

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of America, and its discovery that the Holocaust is a Jewish hoax. Liberty Lobby was correctly designated in 1982 by the Anti-Defamation League as "the strongest voice of anti-Semitism in America." You also neglected to mention that the District Court dismissed Liberty Lobby's legal complaints against NATIONAL REVIEW as being without merit, and further neglected to note that the same court ruled that two counts of NATIONAL REVIEW's counterclaim were valid. In short, you did about as much as any journalistic account could possibly do to lose sight entirely of the relevant issues. No doubt your sleepy reporter, if he disdained the breed of combatants, would have reported a lawsuit brought by the Black Panthers against the NAACP as just another nigger-fight.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

October 27, 1985

Editor
The New York Times
229 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Dear Sirs:

Your story (October 26, page 10) seriously misleads, and that should be a matter of concern for the newspaper of record. Your headline reads, "14-Year Conservative War Ends / In Libel Judgment for Magazine." And the lead sentence refers to a quarrel between "two organs of the conservative movement, NATIONAL REVIEW and Liberty Lobby."

I think that on reflection the author of that article would concede that a journal does not qualify as a "conservative organ" merely by pointing out, say, the need for an Army, Navy, Air Force, and national anthem in between references to the Zionist conspiracy and worries by its prime mover over the looming "niggerfication" of America. No more, is my guess, would a journal qualify to be designated merely as a "liberal organ" if it editorialized for free medicine, while defending Stalinism. Liberty Lobby is known to all who have eyes to see as an anti-Semitic tabloid which, at least as far as I am concerned, lies with lascivious regularity. (Did you know that Hitler's Holocaust was a Jewish hoax?) Think what you will of American conservatism, but pray do not confuse it with that pestilential sheet.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

☐ Dear Bill:

Two things:

If you look on page 327 of my new superbook, *The Long March*, you will see an important footnote. Some years back you challenged me on famine in China and I rebutted you and you shut up. *I was wrong.*

And for the good of my soul I want you to know that.

Secondly, I hope the report in the *Daily Iowan* last week about the ravages of your recent illness is as exaggerated as student newspaper reports usually are.

Faithfully,
Harrison [E. Salisbury]
Taconic, Conn.

Dear Harrison: Thanks for your noble gesture. So now the truth of the nature of the famine in China is verified, to wit: —but readers should consult your book, and the footnote on page 327. And thanks also for your thoughts about my little illness. By the way, there weren't any ravages. If there is to be a correction of this, you will find it in a footnote in a posthumous book. Yours cordially, Bill

—WFB

"Would you mind not chewing while we talk?"

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It happens almost every day. Somewhere in the United States a news story breaks, and within minutes a familiar pattern of local and national television coverage is rapidly set in motion.

A recent example:

August 2, 1985, 6:00 p.m.: Delta Airlines Flight 191 from Fort Lauderdale crashes at the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport. A news team from WFAA-TV Channel 8, the ABC affiliate in Dallas, is the first on the scene.

By 6:30 p.m., WFAA-TV begins live coverage from the airport and continues throughout the evening. The WFAA-TV footage is fed by satellite to ABC News headquarters in New York. The ABC Television Network breaks into its regular programming with live bulletins from Dallas. Another story had already been chosen for that night's edition of "ABC News Nightline." But host Ted Koppel and the show's producer quickly switch to the Dallas story. Within hours, "Nightline" airs a full report, including a live interview with WFAA-TV's reporter on the scene.

AS THE NATION WATCHES

The networks have their own bureaus in major cities and overseas. They can dispatch correspondents, cameramen, technicians, and equipment rapidly to the site of a breaking news story, almost anywhere in the world. Once there, they bring live pictures and reports instantaneously to American viewers via satellite—whether it be the hijacking of an Italian cruise ship in the Mediterranean, the Mexico City earthquake, or the hostage crisis in Beirut.

But for domestic coverage, the best allies the network news departments have are their affiliated stations. ABC, for example, has the benefit of 214 "unofficial news bureaus" in addition to our own—the news departments of our affiliated stations. We provide affiliates with a daily program service, including national and international news coverage. They share their local news coverage with us for inclusion in the national service when that is warranted. Scarcely a day passes without footage from one or more affiliates appearing on "World News Tonight."

It is an effective relationship, one of the reasons that television has become the major source of news and information for most Americans and, opinion surveys show, the most trusted. It is one of the reasons Americans are the best-informed people in the world.

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SUAVE JIM

TRANSPLANTS WORK, it would seem, in politics as well as in medicine. Of 19 Cabinet-rank members of the Reagan team, seven were transplanted from different first-term posts: Ed Meese at Justice, Bill Bennett at Education, John Herrington at Energy, Don Hodel at Interior, Jim Miller at the OMB, Don Regan at the White House, and Jim Baker at Treasury. These seven transplants chart fresh policy; whereas the old guard manage crises, protect turf, speak in clichés, and succumb to their bureaucracies.

Take suave James Addison Baker III. As Ronald Reagan's first-term chief-of-staff, Baker was generally regarded as the shrewdest, most non-ideological, and most powerful member of the Meese/Baker/Deaver troika. When he swapped jobs with then Treasury Secretary Don Regan at the beginning of the year, some insiders thought that he might not make the grade because of his lack of exposure to the complexities of international and domestic finance. But Baker is a very quick study and a skillful utilizer of staff talent, notably that of Harvard-trained (MBA) Richard Darman. As things stand now, Jim Baker is happier, more relaxed, more "centered," as one aide and friend puts it, than he ever was in his frenetic, centrifugal White House job. Many think that Baker has more political clout with Ronald Reagan now than he had when he was at the White House, because he no longer is required to fight the day-to-day battles on a range of fronts, to balance conflicting constituencies, to advance all options for review. "Baker can now fashion policy full time," says an aide. "Compared to firefighting at the White House, that's a luxury. And the President has given him a long leash." (Don Regan's shop knew little, for example, about Baker's early October maneuverings in international economic policy at Seoul until they turned up in the newspapers.)

In a word, Baker has more wiggle room at Treasury, and he's using it not only to originate policy, but to exploit his superior skills as a dealmaker with Congress. Without question, he works harder than any other Reaganite to court the Hill, and it works. It's practically impossible to get anyone in Congress, on either side of the aisle, to say anything really negative about Baker. "When he says yes or no," declares a senior Democratic staffer, "you can count on it. He's a stellar politician, but he's also a man of his word." A main-line Republican senator expands on this: "We sometimes have our disagreements, but Baker's strength as a negotiator makes him an excellent representative of the President."

If you search long enough, however, you can locate Baker critics. "He doesn't toe the line," says a Conservative Opportunity Society (COS) congressman. "Yet nobody at the White House has called him on it. Jim's more concerned about the Baker agenda than about the Reagan agenda, and he talks too much with the other side."

A case in point is tax reform, according to the COS school of criticism. "Baker's lack of resolution in pushing the President's proposal is making it all unravel," asserts a COSer; which, on analysis, is a bum rap since Baker, after assuming his new job, refashioned Don Regan's tax-reform plan (Treasury I) into Baker's (Treasury II), became totally proprietary about it, and was instrumental in getting House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski to shoulder the reform wheel. Tax reform is dying not because of any insouciance on Baker's part but because a) it has no popular constituency, b) it does nothing for the middle class, c) it's probably a revenue loser, which, with $200-billion deficits facing us, is an absolute no-no, and d) politicians, including Republican Senate leaders, are properly scared of its voter-alienation potential during an election year.

This being said, it is also probably true that Baker realized a couple of months ago that tax reform, if it emerges from Congress at all, will be so diluted that to call it reform would be semantic larceny. Realistically, then, the Treasury Secretary focused on other reputation-enhancing mechanisms, to wit, the new policies of devaluation and reflation.

ON SEPTEMBER 22 he convened a meeting of the Group of Five (G5—Britain, France, West Germany, Japan, U.S.A.) finance ministers at the Plaza Hotel in New York and successfully coerced an 11 per cent appreciation of the yen, despite Fed Chairman Volcker's skepticism about devaluation. This G5 meeting and the OECD conference in Paris last April (at which Mr. Baker voiced a willingness to chair an exchange-rate meeting of central bankers and finance ministers) were the first sallies by a U.S. Treasury Secretary into international monetary policy since George Shultz's floating of the dollar in March 1973. What does it mean? A dramatic deviation from first-term Reagan economic policy, with monetarism heading down the chute.

This aggressive intervening in currency manipulation put Baker at odds with non-interventionists Beryl Sprinkel —chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors—and George Shultz. Yet it let the gas out of Congress's protectionist balloon. Coupled with expanded lending ($20 billion) by private commercial banks to Third World countries, and an additional $9 billion from the IMF—both of which Baker touted successfully at the IMF/World Bank meeting in Seoul in early October—it marks a powerful shift in the Reagan Administration's monetary policy. □

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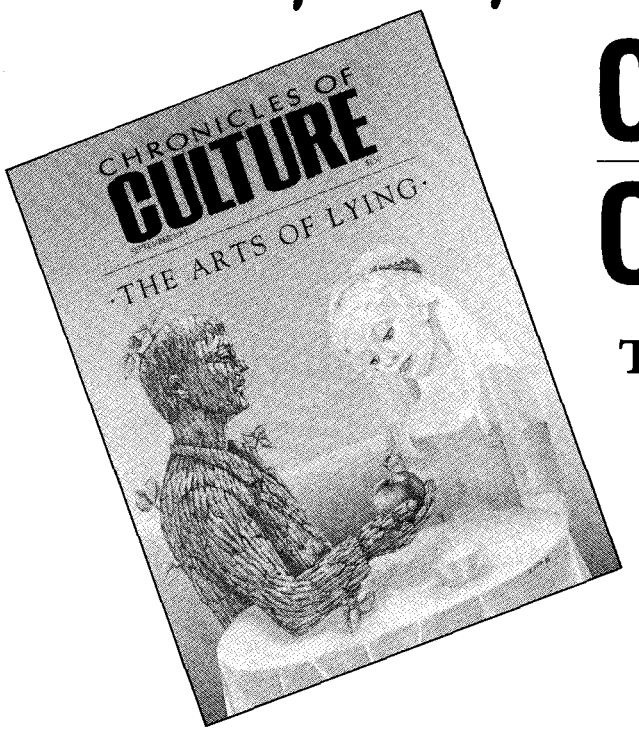

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CAPITAL BULLETINS

BOBBY DOLE ♥ PAULIE WEYRICH

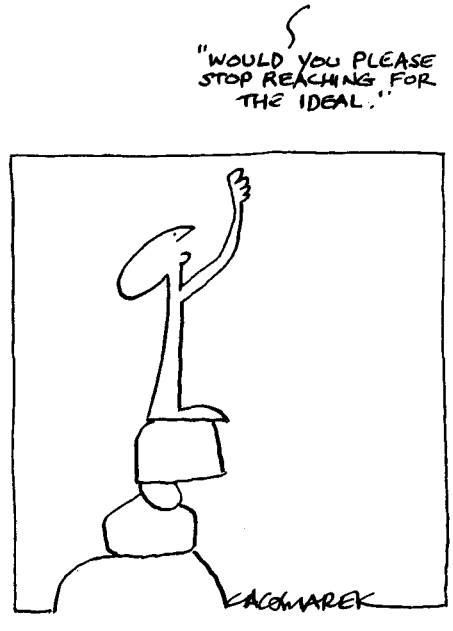
WHEN, EARLY this fall, most of conservative and Republican Washington received invitations to a $250-a-plate fundraising reception in honor of New Righter Paul Weyrich, hosted by none other than Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole, you could almost hear the eyebrows rising. Despite a legislative voting record about 80 per cent conservative, Dole has never been a movement conservative. In recent years, Reaganite loyalists, supply-siders, and New Right activists have all had occasion to regard the powerful Dole as a serious danger to their causes: His instinct for the safe center often seemed to assert itself most strongly on the questions they regarded as most critical. As Majority Leader he has routinely subordinated the White House agenda to his own. Though he professed support for tax reform, for instance, his refusal to put it on a fast track severely harmed its chances.

Nevertheless, a Weyrich-Dole joint venture was but one of a series of signs that Dole is courting the conservative movement for his planned presidential bid in 1988. What is less clear is what the conservatives who are letting themselves be courted expect to get in return.

The first indication of Dole's efforts came back in July 1983, when his political-action committee, Campaign America, hired the political consulting firm of Keene, Monk, and Associates: David Keene, a partner in the firm, is a longtime conservative movement activist and currently chairman of the American Conservative Union. In fact, Keene is Dole's landlord: Campaign America's headquarters is in his firm's Alexandria, Virginia, office. The National Conservative Political Action Committee, for which Keene also consults, is across the street. Campaign America's ongoing purpose is to give financial aid to sympathetic congressional candidates, but it will probably be transformed into a vehicle for Dole's presidential campaign at the appropriate time.

In August of this year, Dole built another bridge by hiring Donald Devine, Ronald Reagan's former director of the Office of Personnel Management and a leading conservative activist for more than twenty years, to run Campaign America. Criticized by some conservatives for accepting the post, Devine has said he wants the PAC to help re-elect conservative Republican candidates facing tough races.

DOLE HAS also built a solid relationship with the conservative National Tax Limitation Committee, a group that lobbies for state and federal tax and spending limits. The NTLC has received tangible benefits from the relationship, with Dole pushing its legislation in the Senate. Since the NTLC is largely made up of traditional economic conservatives (Milton Friedman is an active board member), and since Dole has poor relations with the less traditional supply-siders, this is a sensible alliance for him to pursue. But conservatives who look to Dole as a budget-cutter should remember that he was a principal architect of the 1982 deal by which the Reagan Administration agreed to a substantial tax increase in return for promised budget cuts that never materialized.



The most surprising feat of political engineering so far, though, has been the attempt to span the gulf that separates Dole from the New Right, a process that had its visible start this summer when Dole addressed a New Right working group chaired by Weyrich. Dole offered nothing concrete at that meeting and seems not to have delivered anything legislatively. (New Right leaders desperately want record votes on their legislative agenda, not so much because they anticipate victories, but so liberal senators can be made to face their voting records in the 1986 elections.) His only apparent contribution has been to New Right fundraising efforts—e.g., that $250-a-plate reception, admittedly a good draw if only because Washingtonians thought it so curious. They have a point.

—FRED MANN

STATE GIVES AWAY THE STORE, AGAIN

THE REAGAN State Department has been quietly trying to give the Soviet Union a piece of American territory larger than the state of Delaware, under which there may be millions of barrels of oil. It is Wrangel Island, located north of Siberia in the Arctic Ocean, and it is the only piece of American territory ever successfully seized by a foreign power—although that seizure has not been recognized until now.

The U.S. lost Wrangel on August 20, 1924, when the Soviet gunboat *Krasny Oktyabr* (*Red October*) seized the island, captured 14 American fur trappers (two of whom died in captivity), and raised the red flag. The Soviets made the island part of Gulag: Avraham Shifrin, an Israeli expert on Gulag, claims Raoul Wallenberg was held there at one time.

The U.S. has never ceded its claim to Wrangel or four smaller islands nearby that were also seized. But the State Department, which has been negotiating with the Soviets since 1981 to formalize the Alaskan-Siberian frontier, seems to be trying to do so, arguing that "the U.S. never formally claimed those islands." History shows otherwise.

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Wrangel, located about 270 miles northwest of Alaska, was discovered in 1881 by Calvin Leighton Hooper, a captain of the U.S. Revenue Marine (Coast Guard) and acting governor of Alaska, cruising aboard the cutter *Thomas Corwin*. John Muir, the famed naturalist and founder of the Sierra Club, was part of the landing party that claimed the island on August 12. He later noted in his book *The Cruise of the Corwin*: "A notable addition was made to the national domain when Captain Calvin L. Hooper landed on Wrangel Island and took possession of it in the name of the United States." The island had been first sighted 14 years before by U.S. Navy Captain Thomas Long. He named it after the Russian naval officer Ferdinand Petrovich Wrangel, who had explored the area. But, according to his own memoirs, Wrangel never saw the island that bears his name.

THERE IS no evidence that the Russians ever laid legal claim to the island. The only visitors were Americans, mostly trappers from the American Lomen Co., who clearly established occupation under international law. The State Department actually recognized Lomen as the owner of the island on May 13, 1924. U.S. Geological Survey Bulletins issued in 1900, 1902, and 1906 show the islands as U.S. territory. So do Russian naval maps of the same period. In 1922, the British government backed off on a tentative claim to the islands, conceding, in the words of the colonial secretary, that "the United States Government is thought to have a strong, if not indisputable, claim to the islands." The U.S. never recognized the Soviet seizure, and as late as 1973 the State Department, in its *Digest of International Law*, stated that "the U.S. has not relinquished its claim to Wrangel Island."

But the present State Department is trying. When the U.S. purchased Alaska in 1867, the border question was left open. The U.S. has always maintained that the border line drawn on maps at the time—which would exclude Wrangel—was merely for convenience and did not constitute a boundary. But on December 28, 1984, Assistant Secretary of State W. Tapley Bennett Jr. announced that the U.S. Government regards the 1867 line as its maritime boundary with the Soviet Union—thus, in effect, attempting to cede U.S. territory without so much as a by-your-leave to Congress or the President.

Congressional opponents of State's attempted giveaway, including Senator Jesse Helms and Representative Mark Siljander, are drafting legislation to require congressional approval of any agreement ceding U.S. claims in the area. But some observers fear that the President, under pressure to "sign something, sign anything" at the summit, might bow to State's "expert advice" and sign away the islands without proper consideration.

Obviously, the U.S has little chance of regaining possession. But officially accepting the Soviet theft would underscore once again our eagerness to placate the Russians at whatever cost to honor, and would further discredit the U.S. as a reliable partner against Soviet bullying. At the very least, we should hold out for some concessions, such as a share in the petroleum deposits that a number of large oil companies believe may be under Wrangel. Ronald Reagan should not go down in history as the first American President to acquiesce in the conquest of American territory.

—JOHN BARNES

WARREN BURGER, PHILOSOPHER KING

ONE OF THE goals of the Reagan Revolution—reminding the Supreme Court that its duty is to say "what the law is, not what it should be"—may soon be severely frustrated. Congress is moving rapidly toward the creation of what Justice John Paul Stevens has called a "junior Supreme Court," which would take up many of the Court's more routine cases. That would free the High Court to do what it does worst and enjoys most: make new constitutional law.

Last month the Senate Judiciary Committee began work on S-704, to create an "Intercircuit Panel of the United States." The panel, made up of nine judges appointed by the current Justices from among active and retired members of the federal appellate bench, would have no jurisdiction of its own, considering only cases delegated to it by the Supreme Court. Despite its name, and the clear unconstitutionality of judges appointing judges, the intercircuit panel would be a regular court, empowered to give binding verdicts appealable to the Supreme Court only in the ordinary way. It would probably take up about half—the most routine half—of the High Court's annual caseload.

THE INTERCIRCUIT panel is but the latest version of a proposal that has been circulating for nearly a dozen years, with little support. This time, however, both Chief Justice Warren Burger and Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Strom Thurmond have given the plan their full support. Half of Thurmond's committee members have signed on as sponsors, including some who are usually steadfast defenders of constitutional principle.

Supporters of S-704 argue that the intercircuit panel is necessary in order to relieve the "avalanche of cases" overwhelming the Supreme Court. Thirty years ago, there were 1,500 cases on the Court's docket; for the 1984–85 term there were five thousand. But the Court's workload crisis is mostly self-inflicted. Judicial activism increases the number of juridically enforceable "rights," as opposed to legislatively negotiated "interests." It thus vastly increases litigation. The discovery, in *Roe* v. *Wade*, of a constitutional right to privacy, for instance, spawned an entire tribe of new cases concerning either abortion or alleged infringements of privacy.

For this reason, S-704, besides encouraging the Court's worst tendencies, would almost certainly increase its workload. The assignment of approximately 75 of its 150 signed opinions per year to the new panel would free the Supreme Court to do a full review of approximately that many more cases per year. Most of those would probably be constitutional cases offering good opportunity to make new law, new juridically enforceable rights, and more litigation.

As Judge Ralph Winter of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, and formerly of Yale Law School, has said, S-704 would create "one court that settles disputes and another, separate court that plays philosopher king." The six conservative Republican Judiciary Committee members sponsoring this bill need to take another look.

—STEVEN R. VALENTINE

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THE SCANDINAVIAN SYNDROME

BRITISH secret archives, still after more than four decades considered too sensitive to be released, will reveal that in 1943 Winston Churchill had a plan to help train and re-equip Mussolini's forces.

It will be remembered that during the first half of that year the Fascist dictator was seriously thinking of making overtures to the Allies for a separate peace. Courage, however, was never his strong point, and he was afraid to tell Hitler.

At a meeting on the night of July 24, his party leaders, Ciano and Grandi among them, made scathing comments on Italy's military reverses in North Africa and on Mussolini's conduct of operations. King Victor Emmanuel had him arrested, but he was freed on September 12 in a daring parachute raid by Hitler's action man, Colonel Skorzeny.

The British plan made a kind of grim sense. After all, as Anthony Eden argued, if the Allies helped Mussolini, it would reduce his dependence on Hitler and make it easier for him to stand up to the Nazi leader . . .

Well, all right, I shall not pursue this fantasy any further. As far as I know, there was no such plan, and therefore no secret archives recording it for posterity. The point is simply this: For some time, the Communist president of Mozambique, Samora Machel, has been getting aid from the United States and Britain. The British, indeed, are training his forces in neighboring Zimbabwe, by agreement with the Marxist Mugabe. The Foreign Office rationalizes this curious situation by arguing that "we are reducing Machel's dependence on the Soviet Union." Meanwhile, of course, the Soviets are stepping up their deliveries of weaponry to the other ex-Portuguese Communist regime, to the west in Angola. Why are we not collectively as shocked by this state of affairs as we would all have been if indeed Churchill had decided to train Mussolini's forces?

While I am about it, I can suggest another parallel, in an effort to clarify the incomprehensible. Faithful readers will know what I thought of Foreign Secretary Carrington's attempts to sell a peace plan for Afghanistan to an uninterested Brezhnev, and of his decision to go to Jerusalem and sell a peace plan for Palestine to an unreceptive Israeli government while (when his back was turned) the Argentines were invading the Falklands.

I feel much the same about the tragicomedy of the British initiative in bringing two PLO leaders to London, under heavy security, to discuss a possible peace plan for "Palestine" and Israel. Predictably, the two gentlemen concerned, Mr. Mohammed Milhelm, former mayor of Halhoul, and the Right Reverend Elias Khoury, the Anglican (Episcopal) Bishop of Jerusalem, chosen for their supposed opposition to violence, could not bring themselves to denounce PLO terrorism. Did anybody seriously suppose they would, even if the *Achille Lauro* hijacking and America's impeccably executed interception of the four Palestinian terrorists involved had not taken the whole thing into the realms of purest fantasy?

The parallel I suggest is this: President Mubarak of Egypt is widely known as a man of peace and good will. With such a disposition, it is surely natural that he should wish to solve one of the more enduring contentions of current history: the Irish problem. In furtherance of this noble aim, he invites two leaders of Sinn Fein to Cairo. After all, Sinn Fein is the "nonviolent," legal arm of the IRA. Ridiculous? Of course; and the parallel is exact.

These things seem to suggest that Britain, once a great and self-confident imperial power, is now deliberately cultivating a policy of pious but utterly unrealistic initiatives, in apparent oblivion of the strategic issues and consequences. Britain, in other words, is exhibiting distressing signs of the "Scandinavian syndrome."

But the British people, despite the ravages of the welfare state and the deeply entrenched influence of the Foreign Office and Macmillan-type Toryism, are made, still, of far sterner stuff. After all, they sent a powerful fleet and a tough, professional fighting force eight thousand miles away to wrest the desolate Falklands from the invaders. That was only three years ago.

I am not alone in these thoughts. Sir James Goldsmith, the Anglo-French financier, addressing a "fringe" meeting at the recent Conservative Party conference at Blackpool, castigated Britain's class system, which he blamed for the country's decline since its abandonment of the imperial role. He called for a classless meritocracy. Referring to Mrs. Thatcher's enemies within her own party, and their readiness to betray her, he had this caustic phrase: "For them, triumph consists of losing slowly."

Not Dead Yet

WHERE I PART company with Jimmy Goldsmith is over his readiness to conclude, from an impeccable analysis, that Britain is "finished." After all, some observers could have been forgiven for jumping to the same erroneous conclusion about the U.S. when Jimmy Carter was in office. The revitalizing of any advanced country that has landed itself in a morass of economic decline and social unrest depends on the speed and determination with which it rids itself of whatever excess dose of socialism it has absorbed. This goes for the U.S. as well as for Britain, for France (still suffering), and for Italy (which paradoxically has a Socialist premier), where the people, having decided to take matters into their own hands, are doing pretty well. □

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HOW JIMMY CARTER WON THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET

THE HISTORY BOOKS tell us that Ronald Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter in the presidential voting of 1980, then went on to win decisive re-election. And it unquestionably is Mr. Reagan's handsome visage we see each evening on the TV news reports. That the Great Communicator is our President would not appear to be in doubt.

Were we not privy to this information, however, and were we reduced to inferring the results of the 1980 election from the conduct of certain aspects of our national business, we would be hard put to know that Reagan had emerged the victor. In numerous cases, despite the valiant efforts of the President, continuity of Carter policy, rather than reversal, is the rule. On federal budgetary matters in particular—a crucial zone of disagreement between the two contenders—current practice is much closer to the Carter trend than to goals repeatedly affirmed by Reagan. Carter lost the election, but Carter policies on the federal budget are with us still.

This highly significant fact of record and its disturbing implications have been obscured by repeated statements that there has been a "Reagan revolution" in our government—drastically curtailing outlays for domestic programs, while launching a dramatic defense buildup. These budgetary initiatives, supposedly, have been matched by a "massive tax cut," which has sharply curtailed the amount of revenue flowing to the Treasury.

That most Americans think this or something like it has occurred is not surprising, since all the parties to our political debate agree that it is so. The liberal Democrats in Congress and their coadjutors in the media are tireless in their insistence that Reagan's domestic budget cuts have hurt the needy, and that his enormous tax reductions are responsible for the federal deficit. Reagan budget spokesmen are just as indefatigable in proclaiming that they have reversed the course of national budgetary policy.

Yet, on the official budget figures, no such thing has happened. Both in the general growth of federal spending, and in the division of resources between defense and non-defense functions, the trend lines from the Carter era have persisted with astonishing tenacity. It is this continued upward surge of spending for domestic projects, not defense outlays or tax cuts, that is chiefly responsible for the mammoth deficit. Were a visitor from Mars to judge exclusively from these data, he would doubtless conclude that Carter, instead of Reagan, won the 1980 election.

The basis for making such comparisons has been provided by the Reagan Office of Management and Budget. In February and March of 1981, the OMB prepared a set of estimates by which to gauge the budget goals of the new Administration, in contrast to the profligate habits of its predecessor. These included calculations of federal spending for the ensuing five-year period if Carter-era policies were continued, and the much lower budget targets of the Reagan government. The table below shows these differing estimates—and what happened when the actual Reagan spending totals were computed (in billions of current dollars).

As may be seen at a glance, the actual spending totals under Reagan are uniformly higher than his targets. They are much closer to the trend line inherited from Carter—and, indeed, in every case but one, are *higher* than the numbers anticipated from pre-existing policy. (The exception is the purely hypothetical budget number agreed on by Congress for fiscal '86; on past experience, spending totals for next year will be substantially higher than this figure.)

Overall, Reagan-era spending in the four years 1982–85 has been $364 billion higher than his targets, and $64 billion higher than it would have been, according to Reagan's OMB, under pre-existing policy. These figures are inflated a bit because the Reagan budget planners have recently taken to including off-budget items in the totals, which increases the annual numbers by $10 to $15 billion. Even correcting for this factor, however, actual spending under Reagan is far above his original targets and almost exactly the same as estimated outlays under pre-existing policy.

The Reagan target figures in this table were general policy goals and not, except for 1982, concrete proposals. As spending continued to rise from one year to the next, budget proposals for succeeding years have had to be raised

Mr. Evans, a syndicated columnist and the director of the National Journalism Center, has been writing for NATIONAL REVIEW *since 1957.*

	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986
Carter Projections	729.7	792.1	849.0	911.4	972.8
Reagan Target	695.3	732.0	770.2	844.0	912.0
Reagan Actual	745.7	808.3	851.8	945.9	967.6 (est.)

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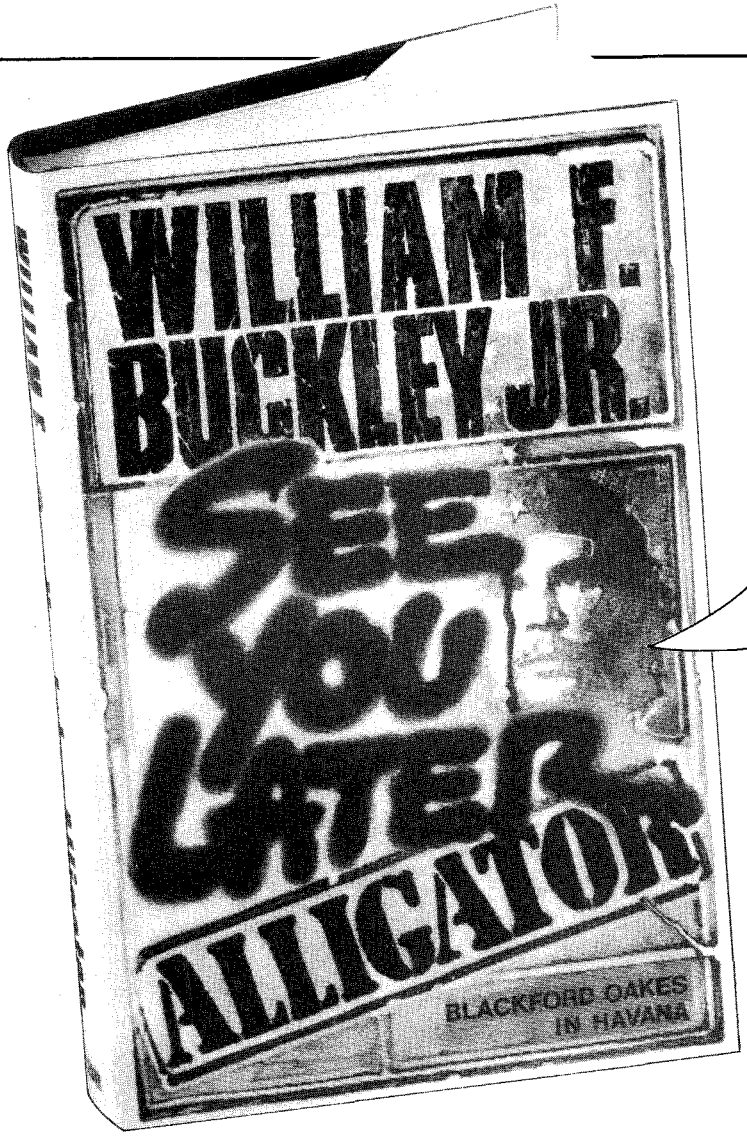

"You may call me Che."

Comandante Guevara was slighter than Blackford had imagined, weighing perhaps 160 pounds, five feet nine or ten inches tall. He wore his traditional beret and army fatigues. His regular facial posture was that of a half smile.

"We have a lot to discuss, Mr. Caimán."

This was Blackford Oakes's introduction to Che Guevara and the beginning of a fast-moving game of wits that meant death for the loser. Oakes, under the code name Caimán (Spanish for alligator), finds himself in the tightest spot of his entire career—trying to defuse the Cuban Missile Crisis while in a race to save the life of his beautiful Cuban interpreter, Catalina.

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	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986
Carter Projection	184.4	210.4	237.8	268.0	299.0
Reagan Target	189.0	226.0	256.0	304.0	343.0
Reagan Actual	185.3	209.9	227.4	250.0 (est.)	267.0 (est.)

accordingly. Even at this stage, however, actual spending under Reagan has routinely overshot proposals, by an average of $35 billion annually. As a result of these consistent overruns, federal outlays as a percentage of gross national product have also continued to rise, directly contrary to Reaganite objectives.

In its original prospectus, the Reagan OMB envisioned federal spending gradually falling from the Carter high point of roughly 23 per cent of GNP to 19.3 per cent by 1984. Instead, federal spending for the past three years has averaged almost 25 per cent of GNP, a record high for peacetime. It peaked at 25.1 per cent in 1983 and, even though it has subsided a bit in the past two years, was only slightly less than 25 per cent in fiscal '85. Again, a performance that extends the Carter trend lines.

Granted all this, however, isn't it true that the problem is spending for *defense*? Hasn't Reagan launched a massive buildup for the Pentagon, which has overwhelmed domestic spending cuts and kept the budget totals growing? Such is the conventional image that emerges from partisan rhetoric on both sides of the aisle. Again, however, the truth of the situation is very different. The table above, for instance, shows the defense-spending projections of the Carter Administration in its final budget, the contrasting Reagan target figures, and actual outlays under Reagan (in billions of current dollars).

Once more, the actual spending figures under Reagan bear little resemblance to his original targets, and are much closer to the numbers proposed by Carter. In fact, in every year but 1982, the Reagan defense figures are *lower* than the Carter proposals—in recent years, appreciably so. In this respect as well, our imaginary visitor from Mars would have a hard time deducing from the numbers that Reagan, instead of Carter, had won the election.

The Carter proposals for the Pentagon represented an increase in the pre-existing trend line for the military—reflecting the consensus *circa* 1980 that we needed to refurbish our defenses. The somewhat lower Reagan totals represent an increase, also; but in terms of total federal outlays (and consequent responsibility for the deficit), this has resulted in only marginal redistribution of budget resources, as may be seen in the table below (in billions of current dollars; total outlays include off-budget items).

Thus, defense outlays under Reagan are not merely lower than the proposals made by Carter; they are only slightly higher as a percentage of total outlays than the Carteresque low point of approximately 23 per cent, and smaller as a share of total spending than they were in 1974 under Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon. Overall, at a time when we are supposedly robbing domestic Peter to pay defense Paul, non-defense outlays continue to account for three-quarters of the budget, and for three-quarters of its relentless increase.

It is this constant upward surge of spending, not the tax-rate reductions of 1981, that is chiefly responsible for the deficit. Though you would never guess it from official and media discussion, federal receipts have grown substantially in the past five years, despite the rate reductions of 1981. The table on the facing page shows the revenue trend for 1980-85 (in billions of current dollars).

Overall, annual federal tax receipts in this span increased by almost $220 billion, a hike of better than 41 per cent. This hardly sounds like a reduction in official revenues. It sounds even less so when we note that median family income for the identical period grew by approximately 27 per cent (from $20,586 to $26,153). Uncle Sam, in other words, increased his income by half again as much as did the average citizen who pays the bills.

As a percentage of gross national product, federal tax receipts in the Reagan era have been on the average slightly *higher*—not lower—than they were under Jimmy Carter. In the Carter budget years, 1977-80, federal revenues averaged 19.5 per cent of GNP. In the four years 1981-84, they averaged 19.6 per cent. In the Carter era, it is true, the trend was up, while in the Reagan era it has been nudging downward; but, generally speaking, the government has had more money to work with under Reagan, both in absolute terms and as a share of total output.

A little attention to these numbers, and some fairly simple arithmetic, will make the source of the deficit problem instantaneously plain. While federal receipts in the period 1980-85 were increasing by a substantial 41 per cent, federal outlays were growing by more than 60 per cent. It is this continued rapid growth in spending, not a lack

Year	Total Outlays	Defense	Defense as % of Total Outlays
1974	269.4	79.3	29.4
1976	371.8	89.6	24.1
1978	458.7	104.5	22.8
1980	590.0	134.0	22.7
1982	745.7	185.3	24.8
1984	851.8	227.4	26.7
1985	945.9	250.0 (est.)	26.4 (est.)

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of revenue, that has produced an operating deficit of $20 billion annually.

In the face of these particulars, how is it possible to argue that either taxation or spending has been *cut*? The answer tells us why so little has changed in the Reagan budget era compared to what was occurring under Carter, and illuminates some major problems that have developed in our system of representative government. It also tells us something about the way in which the usual coverage of these matters by the media disserves the public.

There are several political and institutional factors that have contributed to this outcome, but by far the most important is the degree to which the Federal Government's tax and spending policies, in essence, run themselves. In the 1970s, a series of automatic increases was built into the law, for spending and revenues alike. On the outlay side, these automatic hikes are chiefly for "entitlements," such as Social Security, food stamps, unemployment compensation, farm support, Medicare and Medicaid, housing subsidies, and a host of other projects not readily subject to restraint.

Such programs bring automatic increases in two ways: First, they are geared to external economic indicators —such as the number of people who are aged, unemployed, attending college, or otherwise certified to be in need—and disburse billions automatically as these indicators fluctuate. Second, many of them have been indexed to changes in the cost of living as measured by the Consumer Price Index; as the CPI goes up, so do the eligibility and benefit levels for Social Security, Medicaid, public housing, food stamps, and the like.

Year	Federal Receipts
1980	517
1981	599
1982	617
1983	601
1984	666
1985	734

On the revenue side, the automatic machinery, prior to the Reagan era, was equally efficient. Under pre-existing law, a series of automatic tax hikes was built into the system. These included already legislated increases for Social Security and the silent levy of "taxflation," as people pushed into higher nominal brackets by inflation paid higher rates of tax, even though their purchasing power remained the same. As spending went up automatically, so did the revenues required to pay the bills.

In official Washington, these institutionalized increases on both sides of the fiscal equation have come to be viewed as a normal, and desirable, state of affairs. Any attempt to prevent them from operating as rapidly as in the past is seen as an intolerable deprivation. Thus a revenue trend line that sees federal receipts increase by 41 per cent from 1980 to 1985 is depicted as a "cut," since this is a *smaller increase* than would have been anticipated in the absence of the Reagan policies.

A similar argument used to be heard on the spending side. Still greater spending hikes would have occurred, supposedly, were it not for Reagan's stringent budget cutbacks. Of late, however, this ploy hasn't worked too well, since, as we have seen, increases in the budget under Reagan have been just as large as those envisioned under Carter policy. The conventional wisdom

(Continues on page 61)

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PATRIOTISM American Style

PATRIOTISM, especially of the more assertive sort, may sometimes fall out of favor with the intellectuals and their followers, but sensible citizens have never had to be reminded that the individual's genuine willingness to sacrifice his personal interests—even his very existence—is an absolutely essential fuel for maintaining the fire, the life, of any political society. The paradox is that patriotism begins to wither once it is viewed as *merely* an essential means to the preservation of society. For each individual then quite naturally asks, "Why should I be the fuel rather than warmed by the fire?"

Patriotism implies the readiness, at least, for awesome sacrifice; and such sacrifice presupposes love. This love requires that we see our country as standing for something noble enough to dwarf our small lives, comforts, and happinesses. But such love and such loving vision can be blinding. Patriotism, like every other form of loyalty or allegiance, must be judged by the intrinsic worth of that to which we give allegiance. Yet patriotism, to an even greater extent perhaps than other forms of allegiance, has traditionally demanded trust and faith, which discourage probing questions about the value of that to which allegiance is given.

This may be said to be the root of the problem of patriotism. It explains why the greatest political philosophers have all given at most two cheers for patriotism. Aristotle (to take not only a supreme but an eminently sober example) refused to rank patriotism among the moral or political virtues in his *Ethics*; and in his *Politics* he went so far as to refrain from ever mentioning even the word for "fatherland" or "country" (*patris*). Yet that same Aristotle stressed that a moral man will give much, including life, for his fatherland *if* to do so is noble.

The way we come to love our country is usually similar to the way we come to love our parents; and in previous or traditional societies, patriotism has tended to remain, for almost everyone, a kind of filial piety. But America is not a traditional society, and therefore its patriotism must be of a strikingly untraditional kind. Lincoln gave expression to this untraditional patriotism in his eulogy of Henry Clay, when he said that Clay "loved his country partly because it was his own country, but mostly because it was a free country; and he burned with a zeal for its advancement . . . because he saw in such, the advancement . . . of human liberty, human right, and human nature." This nation is founded on the contention that patriotism must express more than simply loyalty to one's own: that it must also express loyalty to what is good and to some truly self-conscious awareness of the possible tension between one's own and the good. The Revolution that founded America and American patriotism was directed against those British patriots or "Loyalists" who seemed unwilling or unable to face squarely the possibility of such tension. The declaration by which Americans made themselves independent marked the birth of the first nation in history explicitly grounded not on tradition, or loyalty to tradition, but on an appeal to abstract and universal philosophical principles of political right. As Tom Paine put it in *The Rights of Man*, "the Independence of America was accompanied by a Revolution in the principles and practice of Governments . . . Government founded on a moral theory . . . on the indefeasible hereditary Rights of Man, is now revolving from west to east."

This means to say that for Americans, political theory—and the sometimes agonizing questioning such theory implies—is an *integral* part of true patriotism. As Martin Diamond wisely observed, the terms "Americanism," "Americanization," and "un-American" have no counterparts in other lands and languages; for an American, America and the love of America are not what, say, France and the love of France are to a Frenchman. As Diamond wrote in *The Founding of the Democratic Republic*, "the term Americanism reflects a unique phenomenon . . . it expresses the conviction that American life is uniquely founded on a set of political principles." These principles do indeed constitute an American *credo*. But the "belief" or fidelity they demand is not that of a religious faith, much less that of a surrender to some ideology. To believe in theoretical principles as such is to have first made some effort to satisfy oneself of the validity of those principles; it is to have first taken upon oneself the responsibility for using one's own unassisted reason to analyze those principles.

One sometimes hears the contention that American political life is peculiarly *un*theoretical. This is true in a superficial sense on a day-to-day basis, especially if one limits

Mr. Pangle, a professor of political philosophy at the University of Toronto, is the author of Montesquieu's Philosophy of Liberalism *and a translation of Plato's* Laws, *and is at work on a book on the philosophical grounding of the American Constitution.*

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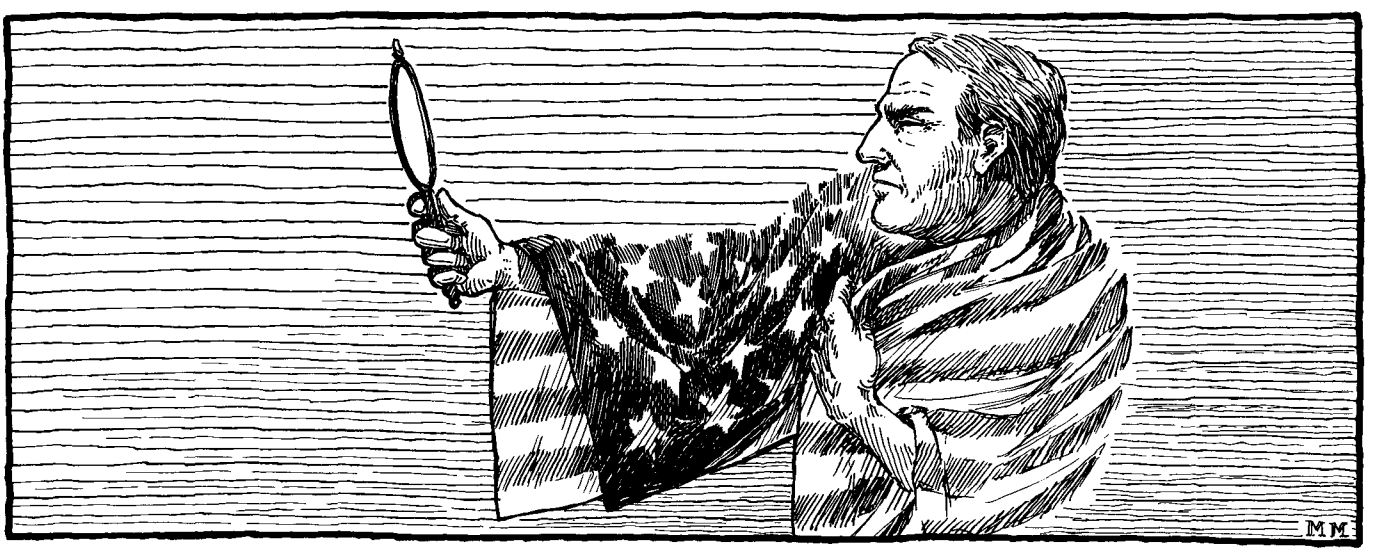
oneself to comparing America with contemporary societies undergoing radical upheaval or laboring in the toils of some ideology. But "ideology" is very different from theory. Though we Americans have gone through considerable stretches of our history *not* arguing over and debating fundamentals, the turning points in our history and the leaders who have stepped forward at those times have usually drawn us back to very deep wellsprings of theoretical controversy. The contest between Federalists and anti-Federalists; the Jeffersonian and then the Jacksonian revolutions; the debates over the meaning of equality, liberty, and union that reached so high a level in the utterances of Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, and Douglas; the unfinished debate begun by Wilson concerning the moral basis of our international relations; the similarly unfinished argument over the political economy of a liberal democracy ushered in by the New Deal; Martin Luther King Jr.'s appeal to Thomas Aquinas and Natural Law in the *Letter from a Birmingham Jail*—these are the signposts of a long odyssey of national self-examination. Young Americans may be initiated into patriotism in traditional ways. But for a young American, as opposed to a young Roman or a young Spartan, there comes a time when the American tradition itself, or its most articulate heroes, prompts him to a critical examination of, or even doubts about, the value of America. The questioning of America is not un-American; it is part of the very core of what it means to be a patriotic American.

This questioning patriotism poses challenges whose risks ought not to be underestimated. A complete American patriot is likely to pass through a stage of serious skepticism about America. Almost inevitably we are moved to compare America with respectable contemporary regimes like the British and French, and with great democratic, aristocratic, and limited-monarchic regimes of the past, discovering, in the process, grave relative weaknesses as well as admirable relative strengths. Above all, we are led by the deepest strands of our tradition back to the study of the history of political theory, beginning with John Locke and moving to his great opponents in the classical and Biblical traditions. For in the American experience (especially during the Founding period) the predominance of the Lockean outlook, or its modifications in Montesquieu, Smith, and Hume, has always been contested, mitigated, and modified by two major, if subordinate, rival modes of thought: a more classical conception of republicanism, derived partly from Montesquieu and partly from certain English thinkers like Sydney and Harrington; and a Christian (mainly Protestant or Calvinist) heritage. In these anti-Lockean traditions we find the attempted promulgation of very high—and very controversial—standards and goals with respect to which America has from the beginning fallen rather short, if less short than most other regimes in history.

In a word, our American tradition itself, and our authentic attachment to that tradition, compels us to re-enact within ourselves certain far-reaching debates over the most fundamental principles of political right. To rekindle such debates—between Jeffersonian/Lockean and orthodox Christian conceptions of Natural Law; between Montesquieu's or Madison's conception of virtue and Aristotle's; between the *Federalist*'s evaluation of commerce and the evaluation by Cicero or the Bible—is not to force upon America some foreign perspective. These debates are native to America and to nowhere else in the modern world; it is these debates *alone* that can keep alive the stimulating tensions that regenerate our tradition and make it true to itself, vibrant, self-conscious, and strong.

To a degree rarely seen in history we are asked to love our country while at the same time purifying our ardor by cultivating an awareness that our country may not be the best, certainly not the best conceivable, political order. This, it seems to me, can and ought to be a source of reasonable pride. For what distinguishes American patriotism is the sternness of its challenge to the *minds* of citizens old and young. American life does not impose moral tests as harsh as those imposed by earlier, and in many ways nobler, republics; it does not require as frequent or as regular sacrifices of life, property, private liberty, and ease; but it calls each and all of us to an intellectual probity, an education in political theory, and an unending quest for self-knowledge as a people that is perhaps unprecedented. It is, indeed, so trying as to seem often to strain the capacities of our human—all too human—nature.

It is little wonder, then, that sincere and articulate Americans are so liable to give in to the temptation to various sorts of incomplete or pre-American patriotism. At present, three of these temptations deserve to be singled out for special words of caution—not because they are the



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sole or even the worst deviations, but precisely because they are, with good reason, tempting to decent men and women.

The first has been more characteristic of the Left, but by no means exclusively. This is the temptation to measure and judge American political life, especially in international affairs, by impossibly pure or trans-political standards (sometimes ostensibly derived from Christianity but traceable almost always to the influence of the least prudent derivations from the Kantian tradition). When America fails tests that no civil society has met or ever will meet, morbidly self-hating and indignant cynicism about America replaces the burdensome intellectual as well as moral duties of patriotism in a harsh and complex foreign environment. It was this syndrome that Jeane Kirkpatrick decried so eloquently in her speech at the last Republican convention.

A second and perhaps more scholarly or antiquarian temptation is the nostalgic lament for a purported "lost soul" of America. This impulse expresses itself in the attempt to interpret American history as a descent from some early Golden Age during which respect for pristine virtue flourished. One version of this proclivity has recently become very fashionable among historians of the American Founding, and has now been transmitted to an entire generation of American college history majors. There is to be found in eighteenth-century America, this version goes, a *predominant* strain of anti-Lockean, anti-bourgeois, "classical republicanism" (or "civic humanism") derived from the English "country" opposition party and from a Scottish Enlightenment that is supposedly anti-individualistic (yes, that's what some historians, like Garry Wills and J. G. A. Pocock, are saying these days about Jefferson, David Hume, and Adam Smith). This posture tempts both romantic conservatives and disillusioned leftists. It allows them to exhaust their love of country in impotent paeans to a lost America whose echoes only the cognoscenti can still discover and treasure, while they solemnly bemoan the degree to which the America we all must live in has degenerated.

In previous eras myths were sometimes the proper foundations of patriotism, and poetry was the wellspring of nationhood. But America was founded on a radically different basis

The third temptation merits more extended treatment, for it, I fear, may hold the most appeal (and hence pose the greatest danger) to many readers of this journal. I have in mind the lure of a new mythic Americanism, promulgated by Harry Jaffa and his followers. Here we find the American tradition portrayed as the direct heir to classical political philosophy and in particular the Aristotelian tradition. Dominating the epic is a Lincoln painted in such a way as to obfuscate the historical Lincoln's clear-sighted commitment to a specifically modern, egalitarian, and individualistic conception of the Rights of Man. Above and behind looms a Jefferson shorn of his avowed Epicureanism and depicted as if his perfunctory expressions of respect for Cicero and Aristotle ought to be accorded more weight than his strong expressions of admiration for Locke and Bacon.

In previous eras myths were sometimes the proper foundations of patriotism, and poetry was the wellspring of nationhood. But America was founded on a radically different basis; and when scholars allow the distinction between scholarship and poetry to become blurred, they run the risk of creating thin poetry and compromised scholarship. In our nation, the upshot of such recourse to myth is all too likely to be the "fanatical obscurantism" against which Leo Strauss sounded a prophetic alarm in the opening pages of his *Natural Right and History*. Those who seek to maintain the myth are compelled to obscure, with feverish zeal, the true roots of the nation. But their task is hopeless; the obscurantist fever intensifies; and from the fever spreads the germ of nihilism.

Nihilism in the precise sense is the disease of which Nietzsche is the classic diagnostician. This nihilism is not the same as relativism, or the lack of values, or even the lack of high principles; nihilism strictly speaking is the name of the process by which high principles self-destruct or devaluate themselves. In one of its principal manifestations, it is the process by which supposedly rational principles, which however are suspected by their adherents of lacking rational validity, come to be trumpeted ever more hysterically even as the voice of reason in the soul steadily eats away those principles' hold on the heart.

This, it seems to me, is the threat posed to American patriotism by such attempts to reinterpret the true nature and provenance of the principles of the American regime. Symptoms of the threat are discernible. Charles Kesler, an adherent of the myth of America-as-heir-to-classical-philosophy, has loudly asked in these pages whether it is not "un-American" to seek to interpret America, its good and bad features, in the light of Locke and the modern natural-rights tradition that culminates in him. To suggest such a spiritual lineage, he charges, is to engage in "running down" the country. If—God forbid—Locke and his great predecessors *were* predominant sources of American principles, it would follow that American principles are "base." It is as if to step off the pedestal of Aristotle is to sink irretrievably into muck.

Jaffa and his followers draw on the magisterial researches of Leo Strauss for their understanding of the "Quarrel between the Ancients and the Moderns" as the core of the history of Western thought. But they approach this fundamental and complex debate as if it were a morality play, a tale of a fight between the forces of good and the forces of evil. They read Strauss's *Thoughts on Machiavelli* as carelessly as do Strauss's scholarly opponents. Strauss does indeed see Machiavelli as the initiator of a decisive break with a previous, unified (though not monolithic) tradition of political theory. Strauss begins his study of Machiavelli by professing an "inclination" to the "old-fashioned and simple opinion" that Machiavelli is a "teacher of evil." But he immediately qualifies his "inclination": The old-fashioned and simple "verdict" on Machiavelli is "deficient." Although Strauss is in sympathy with this "insufficient" view, he is so mainly "because a failure to take that opinion seriously prevents one from doing justice to what is truly admirable in Machiavelli," including "the grandeur of his vision" and the "intrepidity of his thought."

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For Strauss, the conflict between modernity and antiquity is by no means a conflict painted in moral black and white. As he wrote in *Natural Right and History*: "Being a public-spirited philosopher, Machiavelli continued the tradition of political idealism." What is more, Strauss stresses that modern political philosophy lacks the "fundamental and at the same time specific agreement" that unified ancient political philosophy. The moderns are unified by a largely negative agreement—"rejection of the classical scheme as unrealistic." But this does not lead to positive agreement: "The positive principle animating modern political philosophy has undergone a great variety of fundamental changes." The deepest strand of Locke's thought Strauss traces to the influence of Hobbes, and of Hobbes, Strauss says: "To refute Machiavelli's fundamental contention may be said to be the chief purpose of Hobbes's famous doctrine about the state of nature. He accepted the traditional notion that justice is not merely the work of society but that there is a natural right." Accordingly, while Strauss finds in the *Federalist Papers* "republicanism in the Roman style, as interpreted by Machiavelli," he understands "Americanism," at least in its "aspiration," to be the "opposite" of "Machiavellianism."

It seems to me that Strauss points us toward a most helpful model for political allegiance in and to modern democracy. That model is Tocqueville. Aristotle is famous for having taught, in his *Politics*, that the single most important source of the preservation of any regime is the education of its citizens "with a view to that regime." What is not often enough noted is that Aristotle goes on to say that "to be educated with a view to the regime" is, however, to be educated in a manner that will not please the partisans (the patriots, in the vulgar sense) of that regime. Nobody ever better understood, or more successfully put into practice, what Aristotle meant than Tocqueville.

Tocqueville cherished and admired the democracy he found in America; he hoped to help the spread of such a system to Europe and especially to his native France, insofar as possible. But he was convinced that nothing was more urgent than the awakening of Americans, and modern democrats generally, to the congenital vices and blindnesses of the regime he, and they, cherished—a regime rooted, without being sufficiently aware that it was, in the modern, individualistic philosophy that springs from Descartes.

Tocqueville cherished democracy in America not because he found there the home of classical virtue or philosophy but because he found there the home of freedom—and of a Christianity that had finally come to terms with the human aspiration for earthly freedom and equality. Freedom, Tocqueville seems to have understood much as Jefferson and Clay and Lincoln understood it: not as subordinate to moral and contemplative virtue but as the end to which these latter must themselves be subordinated. In his *Old Regime and the Revolution*, Tocqueville says, "I have often asked myself what the source is of that passion for political liberty, which, in all ages, has made men do the greatest things that humanity has accomplished . . . What

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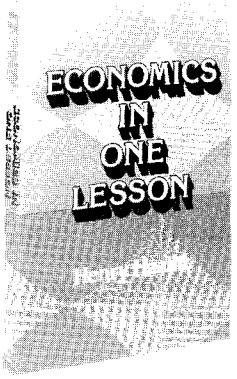

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has, in all ages, seized the heart of certain men are the intrinsic attractions, liberty's intrinsic charm, independent of its contribution to other goods: the pleasure of being able to talk, act, and breathe without constraint, under the government only of God and the laws." Yet if Tocqueville felt the ancients misunderstood the most sublime impulse that they experienced within themselves, he was also keenly aware that their aristocratic polities, however defective from the point of view of strict modern natural right, provided for liberty avenues of expression that were necessarily threatened in the modern democratic regimes that tried (rightly) to give everyone equal opportunity for liberty.

Perhaps most important, the incentive to the young to question the ultimate value of equality and liberty seemed, in America, to be threatened with extinction. Yet only on the basis of some such questioning can a human being be said to have *freely* chosen freedom and equality as his ends. And only men free on this basis are likely to see the dangers that lurk even or precisely in commitment to the true, egalitarian principles of natural right. Precisely the dedication to liberty and equality is apt to produce a society of men overly anxious about material welfare, lacking in appreciation for or understanding of true leisure (as opposed to relaxation), overawed and dwarfed in spirit by the apparently uncontested authority of the mass public's moody opinion, and thus driven to retreat into an apathetic "individualism" instead of joining with a few fellows to express a vigorous autonomy.

In order to discern and keep vividly in mind these congenital vices and weaknesses, as a prelude to counteracting them, Tocqueville taught that it is essential to contrast starkly the American democratic order with the great aristocratic orders of the past. He proceeded to do so—without a hint of romanticism or nostalgia, but purely in the interest of a ruthlessly honest self-healing of the modern democratic spirit. There is no more salutary counterweight to the self-congratulatory and easy-going proclivities of a young American democrat, Tocqueville taught, than the reading of the great old books written in the spirit of the ancient aristocratic republics. The danger, he suggested, is that these same books may come to be so taught as to obscure or mute this provocative, unsettling clash in tastes, virtues, and prejudices. Then, indeed, the books begin to lose their power to liberate and to heal; then the teaching of them begins to become the fruitless waste of time that the partisans of modern democracy often assert it to be.

The permanent and deepest danger to America is not the periodic faltering of traditional patriotism. It is rather the self-satisfied philistinism of the herd that prepares each member for surrender to the soft and reassuring tyranny of "public opinion." It is the belief, held more deeply and widely in modern democracy than in any previous order, that ours is, not the privileged, but the satisfactory nation and era—that we have lost nothing of the highest value and that there is nothing truly admirable that we, with our modest powers, may not become or achieve. The truth is that one hour of reasonable reverence or aspiration for what is above us counts for more than a lifetime of satisfaction with what we are.

My experience as a teacher has convinced me that the best of our young people somehow know this truth, by nature. A call to patriotism that claims to find in our national tradition the fulfillment of every high standard proposed by the theological and philosophical wisdom of the ages will not only be untrue to our tradition; such a call will earn the distrust rather than the allegiance of America's best youth. □

OUR ANCIENT FAITH / HARRY V. JAFFA

A REPLY TO THOMAS PANGLE

In an article first published in 1961, I wrote that "the rights for whose security the American government was instituted were not regarded as being in any sense uniquely American. They were, on the contrary, believed to be rights held in common with all mankind, rights held in virtue of the self-evident truth 'that all men are created equal.'" This thought I have repeated many times, with minor variations of expression, in the work I have published over the last several decades. That American patriotism is unique in its commitment to universal principles, that these principles are discoveries *of* political philosophy, although discovered *in* God and nature, are central themes of that work. That a regime that owes its distinctiveness to political philosophy must reflect something of the commitment to skeptical reason that marked the founder of political philosophy—Socrates—goes almost without saying. Concerning the first part of Professor Pangle's article, therefore, I have no quarrel.

Why then am I now denounced as the deceptive purveyor of "a new mythic Americanism" designed to subvert the truth about our origins as a nation? Why am I now a corrupter of the young? It is because I dared to contradict the assertion of Walter Berns (the doyen of Pangle's school) that the Founding Fathers were not Christian. The issue, reduced to its simplest form, is this: Pangle, and Walter Berns, are convinced that the thought of the Founding Fathers (and Lincoln as well) is to be derived almost

Mr. Jaffa is Henry Salvatori Research Professor of Political Philosophy at Claremont-McKenna College and Claremont Graduate School. His latest book is American Conservatism and the American Founding, *published by Carolina Academic Press.*

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wholly from the thought of John Locke. But the John Locke they recognize is not the one who quoted Hooker and who led—or misled—his readers into thinking that his doctrines were well within the framework of traditional moral philosophy and moral theology. Their John Locke is the one who, in the immortal words of Joseph Sobran, "gave his tongue to Hooker and his heart to Hobbes."

Pangle and Berns, instructed by Leo Strauss in Locke's esoteric doctrine, assume (as Strauss never did) that all the

Berns writes of the Founding Fathers in the spirit of Gibbon, as those who wore the mask of piety over the sneer of contempt. Yet in Berns's vision, the mask is always slipping and the sneer always showing

Founding Fathers were disciples of that secret teaching. It seems never to have occurred to them that, if Locke wrote of the relationship of God and man in a perfectly traditional way, it was in this sense that he was understood by the generation of the American Revolution and the American Founding. When the Declaration of Independence says that men are "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," it demands respect for those rights precisely because they are God-given. Yet Pangle and Berns insist that, as Hobbes was an atheist, and Locke a Hobbesian, therefore the American Revolution was as atheistical in its intention as the Bolshevik Revolution.

More generally, Pangle and Berns hold that, as Hobbes was a materialist, an atheist, and a hedonist, therefore (via Locke) hedonism, atheism, and materialism are the essential ingredients in the foundations of our political order. It is in this vein that George Will writes that Madison Avenue is aptly named after the Father of the Constitution. And Madison Avenue advertising, Will says, aims at "igniting conflagrations of desire for instant gratification." This crude hedonism is held to be an authentic consequence of Madison's Hobbesian-Lockean tutelage. And so *a fortiori* are all the other manifestations of the disintegration of traditional moral restraints in our time. Pornography, promiscuity, homosexuality, drug abuse are really the eventual results of that original sin—the shameful commitment to Hobbesian-Lockean hedonism. Neither Will nor Pangle nor Berns declares that our Founding Fathers were fully aware of all the consequences of their commitment to such hedonism, but they do insist that these consequences flowed from that commitment. All this is implied in Will's declaration that America was "ill founded."

The great obstacle to the consummation of the Hobbesian-Lockean project was clearly the morality supported by Biblical religion. And Berns, for one, is unrelenting in his pursuit of the theme that the American Revolution and the American Founding were virulently anti-religious. The "very idea of natural rights," Berns writes, "is incompatible with Christian doctrine and, by its formulators, was understood to be incompatible." "Incompatible" is a strong word, but Berns is unequivocal as to what it means. "Thomas Hobbes and John Locke," he adds, "were enemies of all revealed religions" (*This World*, Fall 1983). And so, therefore, were Madison, Jefferson, and Washington.

Berns concedes that Washington and the other Founding Fathers saw utility in morality, and utility in religion as a prop of morality. That utility was, however, on the order of the convenience of having one's tradesmen honest. Such utility moreover applied only to the vulgar, not to gentlemen, and certainly not to philosophers. And so Berns writes of the Founding Fathers in the spirit of Gibbon, as those who wore the mask of piety over the sneer of contempt. Yet in Berns's vision the mask is always slipping and the sneer always showing. No matter how often Washington—for example—invokes the favor of Almighty God, Berns (or Pangle) will declare that he does not mean it. How could he, if Hobbes was an atheist? Such is the level of the argument we are forced to contend with.

According to Berns's interpretation of the Founding, the utility of both religion and morality (like Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat) is destined to wither away. A "commercial society built on Lockean principles by way of Adam Smith was intended to be a substitute for morality," he wrote in that same piece in *This World*. It goes without saying that if a substitute for morality could be found, there would be no further need of religion. Now, no intelligent human being at the time of the American Founding or since has thought that commerce alone could guide man toward that rectitude necessary for and consistent with human felicity. No one familiar with George Washington's strictures against commercial profiteering during the Revolution—strictures that might have been pronounced by an Old Testament prophet—would think for a moment that Washington thought that commerce could supplant religion as a source of morality.

It was Washington who, at the end of the Revolution, declared that of all our blessings the greatest was "the pure and benign light of revelation." And it was Washington who, as he laid down the sword that had delivered us into the promised land of freedom, made it his "earnest prayer that God would have [us] . . . in His holy protection . . . and that he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of Whose example we can never hope to be a happy nation."

Leo Strauss taught that genuine historical scholarship required that we should understand the writers or speakers of the past—whether philosophers or statesmen or anyone else—as they understood themselves. This did not mean that one might discover the authentic meaning of Washington by reading Locke, any more than it meant that one could discover the authentic meaning of Locke by reading Hooker. The truth is that the Founding Fathers had their own purposes: They took from Locke what they wanted, and they interpreted what they took in the light of the purposes of a freedom-loving, but also a moral and God-fearing, people. Materialism, atheism, and hedonism—although they have certainly become part of our culture—are no part whatever of what Abraham Lincoln called "our ancient faith." They are no part of what has led us to call ourselves "the land of the free and the home of the brave." For that, we are indebted to what Washington, in his Inaugural Address, called "the rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained." These indeed are our heritage, and essential elements in American patriotism. □

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HE-E-E-ERE'S MIKHAIL!

Since his interview in the September 12 issue of Time, *Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev has received a publicity barrage of the sort that press agents, prima donnas, and politicians dream about. All over the world, from Kansas to Katmandu, the media are raving about his "urbane manner," "flashing smile," and "biting humor," leading one American official to complain that Gorbachev is getting more exposure than Brooke Shields. The effect of this sort of hype is unpredictable. Beneath every human psyche (even an official Communist psyche) lies a vein of ham . . .*

SOVIET General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev stood posed dramatically in front of a huge gold embossed mirror on the wall of his Kremlin office. On the desk behind him, some copies of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *TV Guide* were lying open. Gorbachev carefully raised his left eyebrow, wiggled it, and smiled benevolently.

There was a faint knock at the door, and after Gorbachev's firm "Enter," three Kremlin bureaucrats came in on tiptoe. "Greetings, Mr. Secretary," one of them said hesitantly. "We are here at your request to discuss the summit meeting." The man opened his briefcase and poured a mass of documents onto the desk. "Where do you wish to begin? With the opening agenda?"

"Yes, I suppose," Gorbachev muttered, eyeing the three men critically. "Hmmmm. I believe you are sufficiently plump," he said, grabbing one of them by the shoulders and maneuvering him in front of a small speaker's stand. "Very well! The spotlight plays upon you, and in a loud and noticeably Marxist voice you cry out, 'And now . . . he-e-e-ere's Mikhail!' Got it? At this point, I emerge through the curtains, resplendent in snappy pinstripe suit and burgundy tie. The applause is deafening. I flash the famous smile, adjust my tie nervously, and turn from side to side, futilely requesting silence. As the ripples of applause die out, I say, 'Well, comrades, it is a cold night in the Kremlin.' You ask, 'How cold is it, Mr. General Secretary?' I reply, 'It is so cold that the KGB has discovered three bears attempting to defect to Disney World.' Amidst convulsive laughter, I continue in the vein that the editors of *Time* have called my 'biting humor.' At last I say, 'Now don't go away, comrades . . . we'll be right back,' and I make a gesture with my arm, as though swinging a sickle." Gorbachev gazed at the bureaucrats. "Well, what do you think of that as an opening of the summit agenda?"

The three men stared at one another in bewilderment. "It is splendid, Mr. Secretary. And now let us discuss the facts and figures on the ICBM. If we propose a ban on the testing and production of . . ."

Gorbachev held up a hand for silence. "Of course, there is another possible scenario," he said, striding back and forth. "One of their writers has said of me, 'He dominates a meeting with three extraordinary tools: eye, hands, and voice.' So! The camera focuses upon me . . . my mouth opens slowly. I say, 'Hello. Do you know me? I'm big in Marxist dialectic circles, but when I travel about the country, people sometimes fail to recognize me. That's why I always carry this.' At which point, the camera focuses upon my hand in which I hold the little card that is known as the Express of America. A computer then prints my name upon the card to a clicking accompaniment. Such a card should not be difficult for our espionage department to obtain. What do you think?"

"It's good, Mr. Secretary," one of the three said dubiously. "And now let us discuss the all-important question of Star Wars . . ."

"However," Gorbachev continued, "it will be necessary to provide me with a gimmick—some device by which I am easily identified. One of their celebrities—a certain Mikhail Jackson—wears a white glove during his performances. Do you think a red glove on my left hand would be too gauche?"

"It is all quite good, Mr. Secretary," one of the bureaucrats said uneasily, "but I believe that we must carefully consider the various initiatives that are open to their leader, Mr. Ronald Reagan. Now I think that . . ."

"I am happy that you reminded me of Mr. Reagan," Gorbachev said. "Certainly the man can be most useful to us. A former actor and television star, he can put us in touch with the leaders of their television industry! Already, I am picturing in my mind some vehicle of a faintly humorous nature—what they call a 'come and sit' show. Perhaps I should be cast as a stern but benevolent father figure, the program to be entitled *All in the Kremlin*. Again, we may wish to include my wife, Raissa, and even my daughter—it might be called *The Gorbachev Bunch*. Or how about *Gorbachev's Archipelago, The General Secretary Knows Best*, or *Collective Strokes*? And so, comrades, back to the old drafting tables. As we say in the trade, 'The show must go on.'" □

Mr. Varnado teaches English at the University of South Alabama.

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A SIDING IN COMPIEGNE

THE WAR IS really over but the dying continues. Under orders from General Pershing, units of the AEF are pushing on Sedan, their transport ramshackle, their horses collapsing, the infantry exhausted. A U.S. patrol, led by a jittery second lieutenant, comes upon Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur and captures him as a Boche. MacArthur is furious, but when the lieutenant releases him, he laughs.

President Wilson has enunciated his Fourteen Points, but the cynical leaders of Europe and the battle-embittered generals are not impressed by his rhetoric. To them, this is an American *naïf* speaking. In his private car on a siding in the Wood of the Eagle near Compiègne, Marshal Foch waits for a German commission. It is November 8, and a cold 7 A.M. The Germans, led by their secretary of state, Matthias Erzberger, are kept waiting for two hours. When Foch at last receives them, he is hard and distant. "Why have you come?" he asks.

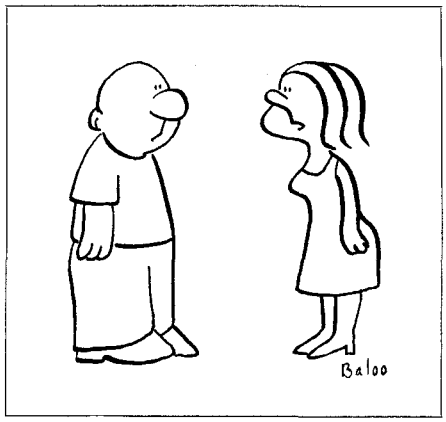
"To learn under what conditions you will grant an armistice," they answer.

Foch does not wish to offer any conditions. He wants the Germans to beg. Finally he delivers his Draconian terms. The Germans are dismayed, but they have no government to consult. Revolution has broken out in Germany. Soldiers and sailors are in mutiny, joining the workers rioting in the streets of Berlin. The commission argues all through the night of November 10. Foch simply listens, leaving his private car only to attend Mass. At 5:15 on the morning of November 11, the Germans capitulate.

Foch himself communicates with General Pershing. The word is flashed to all field commanders. The fighting is to cease at 11 A.M. At that hour, Herbert Corry, a correspondent for the *New York Globe*, interviews an American general whose name he charitably suppresses. "The men were magnificent," says the general. "When I got word that the war was ending in a few hours, I sent them up against the barbed wire three times." They never got through. A doctor at a field dressing station later tells Corry, "The cost of that show of bravery? For 48 hours I worked over the wounded, in blood up to my elbows."

Germany is aflame. The Imperial General Staff has warned the Kaiser that he must abdicate. But Wilhelm is convinced that the army and the navy will remain loyal, that the people are behind him, though the republic has been proclaimed in many cities. Prince Max von Baden thinks differently. He calls on Friedrich Ebert, the Social Democratic leader, to form a caretaker government under the Crown Prince. The Reichstag is an armed camp. Workers and mutinous soldiers lounge in the corridors. Alexanderplatz is crowded with demonstrators waving red flags. The police have voluntarily disarmed themselves.

While a frenzied world celebrates the peace, three hundred American soldiers in Arkhangelsk are marched to the village of Tulgas. They are attacked by a band of Bolshevik irregulars, but they hold off the attack and wait for reinforcements. The only message they get, by blinker signal from a British post, is a demand for an accounting: Two hundred Red Cross mufflers are missing. When the siege of Tulgas is raised, twenty Americans are dead, seventy wounded.



"You never really appreciate someone until he's gone, Charlie, so why don't you go away?"

In Washington, Woodrow Wilson prepares for his great moment on the stage of history—to declare that democracy and self-determination, at his behest, are now amendments to the Natural Law. But in London and Paris, Lloyd George and Clemenceau think in terms of *revanche*—and the Treaty of Versailles is conceived.

ON ARMISTICE DAY, crowds mob Colonel Billy Mitchell, and for a time Americans are heroes in Paris. In New York, another hero is dying: Teddy Roosevelt is rushed to the hospital.

From Petrograd, where Lenin has called in the makers of his Revolution to consider the effects of the Armistice, to Vienna, where Europe's keystone empire is in collapse, the capitals of Europe are caught up in an orgy of relief. In the trenches soldiers say, "Thank God we're still alive." Weary Marines, who had been forcemarched for one more battle, slaughter a French farmer's cow, and while they cook it claim it was an accident. In Palestine, an Englishman in a burnoose sits cross-legged while an Arab boy sings to him. For T. E. Lawrence, another war has begun.

The men who sign the Armistice do not know that they are fixed at a point in time. They do not know that their signatures mark the end of their world. Foch is not aware that the lights that were extinguished in 1914 will never flame again. The day of empire and glory is over. An age of ideology and revolution has dawned. □

Mr. Toledano, who writes a regular column for NR *on recorded music, is a syndicated columnist based in Washington, D.C.*

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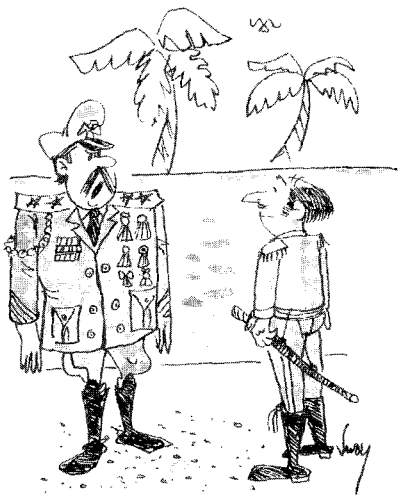

"I wish the U.S. Government would make up its mind. First I was a benevolent despot, then a dictator, then a tyrant, and now I'm a benevolent despot again."

"THERE WILL BE AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE 40TH BIRTHDAY PARTY COMMITTEE IN THE DELEGATES' LOUNGE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING...."

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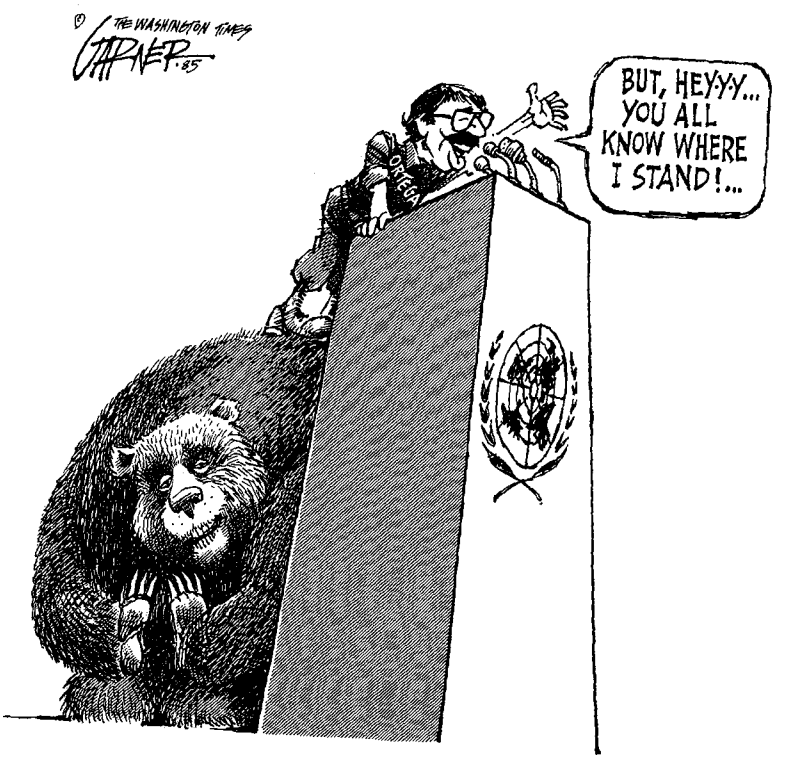

Goodbye, Baedeker

I've canceled a trip which included
Three days in Beersheba, plus stops
In Tunis, with buses to Carthage,
And Cairo, to sample the shops.
Although I'll miss doing Damascus
And candlelight tours in Beirut,
Like Henry Thoreau, I've decided
There's no place like home for a toot.

W. H. von Dreele

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ABROAD

HAVANA *Tobacco Trouble*

Cuban cigars are in trouble both at home and abroad, and although the famous Havanas account for only a paltry 3 per cent of Cuban exports, the big cigars have always been the island's greatest prestige product. The crops themselves have taken a beating in recent years, both from hurricane damage and from the noxious blue mold that caused an almost total loss of the tobacco harvest five years ago. There has been a recovery, but a new menace lies on the horizon: the entry of Spain, one of the biggest importers of Cuban tobacco (an annual fifty million cigars), into the European Economic Community. What will happen—as happened when Britain, another big importer of Cuban tobacco, joined the EEC—is the imposition of the Community's 41 per cent levy on all imported tobacco. The idea of the levy was to help the European tobacco industry on the one hand, and on the other to give favored entry to crops coming from the so-called Lomé countries, former European colonies in Africa. One solution to Cuba's difficulties in this respect may be supplying raw tobacco to Spanish cigar manufacturers at a popular-brand level. The Cuban market was of course deeply affected by the ban on Cuban imports by the United States. Other adverse factors are the anti-smoking lobby and the increasing popularity of cheap cigars and cigarette-sized cheroots from Jamaica, the Netherlands, and the United States.

SINGAPORE *Dollar Accounts*

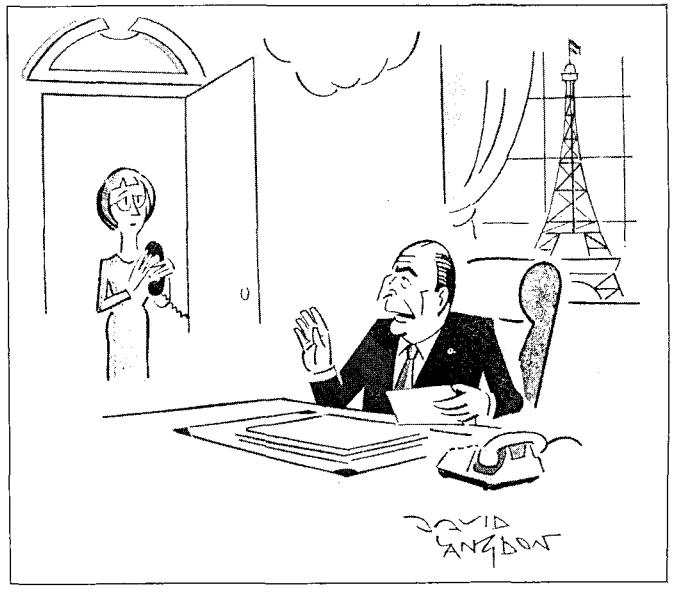
The Singapore dollar is one of the hardest currencies in the world as well as the repository of unusual popular faith. Not only do investors from all over the globe like to bank here (the city-state is regarded as a Far Eastern Zurich); its paper money is treasured for its own sake. Thus the Singaporean $10,000 bill—which is found not in bank vaults but in private hands, and is worth U.S.$5,500—has been referred to as "the planet's most valuable currency note." The island's 2.5 million inhabitants maintain an impressive 40 per cent rate of savings. The $1,000 note represents an astonishing fifth of the money in circulation, while the $50 note, the most popular of all, represents 30 per cent.

SEVILLE *Famous Bones*

The five-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America is only six years away; it is therefore not a moment too soon for a new dispute to break out over the place where Columbus's body actually lies buried. Heretofore, the cathedrals of Seville and of Santo Domingo in the West Indies have both claimed the bones of the Great Discoverer. Several new elements in the case have made their appearance, however, in particular a procedure devised by a scientist in California that is supposed to be able to identify the place a person grew up in through isotopic examination of his tooth enamel. Applying this test to a molar from Santo Domingo would presumably prove whether or not the body buried there was Genoese, but it has been discounted in advance by a professor at the University of Genoa, Gaetano Ferro, who says the test would necessarily have a large margin of error. Furthermore, Professor Ferro asserts, the Santo Domingo bones are probably those not of Columbus but of his son Diego. Meanwhile, a former director of the great research library in Seville, the Archivas de las Indias, says that the bones of Columbus are not wholly in one place or the other, but are divided between the two tombs. According to this authority, José de la Peña Cámara, the Seville bones were removed from Santo Domingo in 1795, when that part of the island of Hispaniola was ceded by Spain to the French, and were transferred to Havana, whence they were moved to Seville when Cuba became independent in 1898. The bones now resting in Santo Domingo were found during repairs to the cathedral presbytery in 1877. The Dominicans have said that the bones removed in 1795 were not demonstrably those of Columbus, while the Spaniards maintain that the 1877 find consisted of the bones not of Columbus but of his nephew. With respect to this quarrel, the Dominican historian Pedro Troncoso Sánchez wrote recently in a Spanish newspaper: "On many occasions, including this one, it happens that the force of a desire has closed the path to the discovery of the truth." On that point at least there appears to be agreement.

PARIS *Drastic Changes*

The silhouette of the Paris policeman, or *agent de la paix*, so familiar to countless tourists, is about to be transformed by a new uniform. The outfit, designed by the couturier Balmain, substitutes a visored cap for the traditional kepi, and instead of a belted coat the policeman will wear an American-style bombardier's jacket. But not just yet. The new uniform was supposed to be issued at the beginning of October, but it is still not ready. The reason given is that orders for the seventy thousand new outfits required were parceled out to manufacturers all over France, and various delays have been encountered because of regional discrepancies. The allegation of "sabotage" by conservative elements in the police who are against the new uniform has been officially discounted.



Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Tell him I'm in conference. Sympathy from Richard Nixon I can do without."

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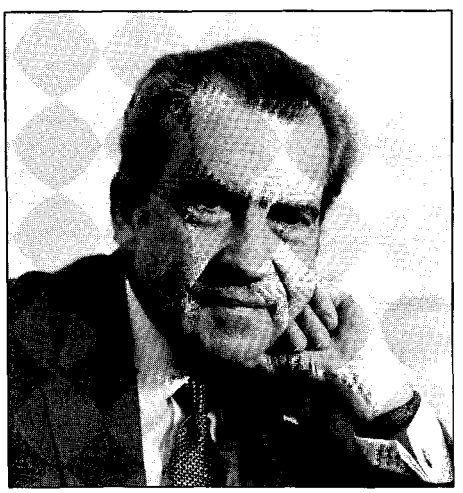
GET IT FREE!

Richard Nixon's toughly realistic

HOW TO LIVE WITH THE BOMB

This is the former President at his best—right on target. "How to Live with the Bomb" is a cool, clear, unsentimental appraisal of where we (all of us) stand today. Like it or not, THE BOMB is a dangerous fact of political life, and Nixon's concern is to show us how to make the best of that fact. Given his subject, this is a surprisingly upbeat statement. When Mr. Nixon observes that "the only sane purpose for arms in the nuclear age is to avoid war," and follows that by declaring, "I do not believe that there will be another world war. Putting it bluntly, the United States wants peace, and the Soviet Union needs it," and explains why, the gloom and doom feeling begins to lift. The picture of a world that can be free from nuclear war comes into focus.



"The Soviets' goal is victory without war. Ours is peace without victory. Thus the major danger to the U.S. is not nuclear war but surrender to nuclear coercion."

Mr. Nixon is justly credited for his grasp of recent history, and nowhere is it more evident than in this cogent article. In fact, we feel it's so important that we're sending it to you as a FREE bonus with this special introductory offer: 15 big issues of *National Review* for $17.95. That's our bargain rate for new subscribers and, this time, you also get the Nixon article as a FREE bonus! Use the card facing this page now to get *National Review* (the best journalism in America today, we say!) plus "How to Live with the Bomb." A double-header offer like this doesn't come along every day. Make sure you don't let this one get away. Just fill out the handy postpaid card and mail it back to us today. You'll start getting President Reagan's favorite magazine regularly, as well as the important Nixon article. Do it today.

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REVOLUTION IN THE MAKING

Terry Teachout

Crime and Human Nature, by James Q. Wilson and Richard J. Herrnstein (Simon & Schuster, 639 pp., $22.95)

WHY DO people break the law? James Q. Wilson and Richard J. Herrnstein, in the course of researching *Crime and Human Nature*, encountered dozens of explanations:

> Crime is caused, we are told, by the baby boom, permissive parents, brutal parents, incompetent schools, racial discrimination, lenient judges, the decline of organized religion, televised violence, drug addiction, ghetto unemployment, or the capitalist system. We note certain patterns in the proffered explanations. Our tough-minded friends blame crime on the failings of the criminal-justice system; our tender-minded ones blame it on the failings of society.

Wilson and Herrnstein offer us a new explanation, amply documented and guaranteed to ignite a firestorm of protest in the academy: individual differences.

It isn't quite as simple as that, of course. *Crime and Human Nature* is a detailed review of the criminological literature that attempts to explain criminal behavior through the use of a rational-choice model. Operating on the assumption that "people, when faced with a choice, choose the preferred course of action," Wilson and Herrnstein have developed an elaborate theory of criminal behavior that integrates all the variables that may affect the decision to commit a crime.

> The larger the ratio of the rewards (material and nonmaterial) of noncrime to the rewards (material and nonmaterial) of crime, the weaker the tendency to commit crimes. The bite of conscience, the approval of peers, and any sense of inequity will increase or decrease the total value of crime; the opinions of family, friends, and employers are important benefits of noncrime, as is the desire to avoid the penalties that can be imposed by the criminal-justice system. The strength of any reward declines with time, but people differ in the rate at which they discount the future.

The key words here are "people differ." Wilson and Herrnstein believe that constitutional factors can bring about a predisposition to commit crime and that "a complex interaction of constitutional and social factors . . . affects how people choose between the consequences of crime and its alternatives." Such a belief is extremely controversial among criminologists, who have consistently opted during the past three decades for environmental theories of criminal causation. But Wilson and Herrnstein have been forced to accept the role of individual differences in criminal behavior as a result of their scrutiny of the scientific literature:

> Criminals are more likely than noncriminals to have mesomorphic body types, to have fathers who were criminals even in the case of adopted sons who could not have known their fathers, to be of somewhat lower intelligence, to be impulsive or extroverted, and to have autonomic nervous systems that respond more slowly and less vigorously to stimuli.

Wilson and Herrnstein are understandably pessimistic about the possibility of finding workable solutions to a problem so deeply rooted in human nature. ("If black rage at accumulated injustice is the cause of black crime, then it is difficult to imagine any solution short of a long and painful reconstruction of deeply held human beliefs.") But their rational-choice model necessarily leads them to the even more controversial assertion that crime, whatever its causes, must be dealt with in the courts not as the result of determinism but as an abuse of free will.

> How we spend money on schools, job training, or welfare programs may be less important than the message accompanying such expenditures: Do we appear to be rewarding the acceptance or the rejection of personal responsibility? . . . We know that crime, like all human behavior, has causes, and that science has made progress—and will make more progress—in identifying them, but the very process by which we learn to avoid crime requires that the courts act as if crime were wholly the result of free choice.

It's impossible to summarize a book that is itself a consummately elegant summary of every major study dealing with the causes of crime. To read *Crime and Human Nature* is to receive a thorough grounding in the basics of criminology; although Wilson and Herrnstein scrupulously avoid making policy recommendations, it is essential reading for anyone concerned with the problem of preventing crime. (Mr. Wilson's earlier book *Thinking about Crime* explicitly addresses questions of public policy from a similar perspective.)

A book that emphasizes rational choice and constitutional predisposition as major causes of crime is a book with which most conservatives will naturally feel comfortable. ("The fact

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William A. Hunter is a professor of foreign languages at East Texas Baptist University in Marshall, Texas, and a past president of University Professors for Academic Order.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of A Reader's Guide to George Orwell, George Orwell: An Annotated Bibliography of Criticism, *and* George Orwell: The Critical Heritage.

Robert Royal is the author of Crisis and Opportunity: U.S. Policy in Central America and the Caribbean, *published last year by the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.*

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor at Harper's Magazine *and a regular contributor to* High Fidelity.

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An open letter to the President and Citizens of the United States of America:

Thank you. Stand fast.

As the Summit approaches, we, a group of 30,000 Canadian citizens, think it timely to acknowledge our debt to you. Without your defensive umbrella, Canada could have become the "Afghanistan of the north". Your country's generosity is unparallelled in human history. In a world where 91 countries are ruled by dictatorships, the United States is a beacon of light, freedom, and hope.

We also think it timely to recall the face of the Soviet Union: a totalitarian dictatorship whose crimes against humanity predate and surpass those of the Nazis—and are still being committed.

• The Soviet Union preaches peace yet imprisons, tortures and exiles independent peace activists in prison camps.

The Soviet Union calls for a "Star Peace" plan while its six-year holocaust in Afghanistan has killed or displaced five to six million people. The UN documented the Soviet use of poison gas, booby-trapped toys and mass executions there. Infant mortality reached 85% during the winter of 1984-85.

The Soviet Union is bringing the peace of the graveyard to Afghanistan.

• The Soviet Union agreed in the Helsinki Accords to respect human rights, yet has imprisoned more than 100 members of the independent Helsinki Watch Committee, whose only purpose was to peacefully monitor the USSR's adherence to the Accords. Of the more than 100, 51 are still imprisoned.

• The Soviet Union protests that it wants arms control agreements. However, there can be no agreements without trust. There can be no trust without truth.

Dissidents—those who speak the truth in the Soviet Union—are declared insane and imprisoned. The USSR was forced out of the World Psychiatric Association in February, 1983, over its use of drugs and torture on hundreds of dissidents in Soviet psychiatric hospitals.

• The Soviet Union has yet to live up to its undertaking in Yalta, 41 years ago, to allow democratic elections in Eastern Europe.

• The Soviet Union maintains a 250,000-man KGB border army just to keep in its own people.

• The Soviet Union tries to crush religious belief and controls the movement of its citizens domestically through "pass laws".

• Even publicly available, complete telephone directories are forbidden in the Soviet Union.

President Reagan, we pray that you stand fast and uphold your convictions.

Colin S. Brown

President,
National Citizens'
Coalition.

NATIONAL CITIZENS' COALITION
100 Adelaide Street West, Suite 907, Toronto, Ontario M5H 1S3

Dear Mr. Brown,

☐ Please send information about the National Citizens' Coalition to me.

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The National Citizens' Coalition is a voluntary Canadian group which stands "for more freedom through less government". It promotes the free market, free enterprise and a strong defence. If you would like to help us to repeat this ad in other leading magazines and newspapers, or learn more about or organization, please fill out and send the reply form.

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that crime is universal may suggest that man's nature is not infinitely malleable, though some people never cease searching for an anvil and hammer sufficient to bend it to their will.") But James Q. Wilson and Richard J. Herrnstein are academics, not conservative ideologues. When they go against the liberal grain of criminological orthodoxy, they do so not because they are conservative but because they are *honest*: They have examined the data and they believe their own eyes. They have arrived at their position not through philosophical conviction but through the rigorous empirical demonstration of the social scientist—an approach that is not so much "conservative" as it is simply realistic about human nature.

Crime and Human Nature is the latest in a series of important literature reviews that deal with the social sciences in an honest and ideology-free way. Like Charles Murray's *Losing Ground*, Arthur Jensen's *Bias in Mental Testing*, and Thomas Sowell's *Ethnic America*, *Crime and Human Nature* suggests that the academy is at last beginning to sit up and take notice of how the world really works. Granted, it may sound like nothing more than simple common sense to say that criminal behavior is produced by the interaction of constitutional and social factors. But when two respected Harvard professors say so in *The New York Times Magazine* and in a meticulously documented book, it's more than common sense: It may be a revolution in the making. □

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ZIONISM

Joseph Sobran

The Tragedy of Zionism: Revolution and Democracy in the Land of Israel, by Bernard Avishai (Farrar, 389 pp., $19.95)

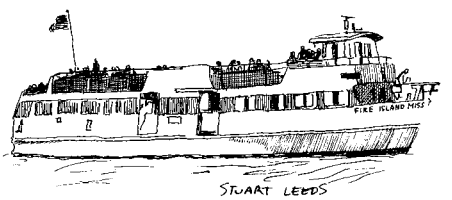
ZIONISM, said a Zionist named Baruch Nadel, is "a movement of Western Jews to save the Eastern Jews that built a home for Oriental Jews." Bernard Avishai's *The Tragedy of Zionism* is oddly titled: He is aware that an entity or institution can, in its existence, change radically from its original conception, but it's not altogether clear how it is tragic that Israel has turned out differently from what its founding generation expected.

Presumably he means that Israel today is less liberal and more religious, particularist, and "racist" than the old Zionists hoped. His book is a highly detailed review of the evolution of Zionism from a utopian socialist vision of democracy in the desert to a tough and expansive Jewish state. The old Zionists had in mind a place where Jews could go and not be Jews; today's Zionists like being Jews.

Avishai thinks Israel should simply drop all ideology, Labor Zionist as well as Beginite. He regards Israel, and wants it to regard itself, as a place, not a dream—a place that could be improved by adopting certain democratic reforms. But he thinks American Jews are somehow too preoccupied with Israel, at the expense of an (unspecified) kind of authentically Jewish life of their own. He concludes that "a profession of Zionism in the West, and especially in America, is not so much resistance to assimilation as a symptom of it."

I'm not sure I understand that paradox. It is obvious, though, that Avishai resents Zionism and its claims on Diaspora Jews. He lived in Israel for several years, but never could adjust to life there. Eventually he faced facts and came home, and he suggests that for many Jews life in America is better than life in Israel, and that's fine with him: He refuses to feel guilty about preferring America.

The Tragedy of Zionism recounts the struggles within the Zionist movement and Israel to define Israel's identity, and does so with more thoroughness than most readers, especially non-Jews, will care for. What emerges from it all is that the pioneering Zionists, many of whom had never been to the Middle East, were so self-absorbed in their ideological debate that they were oblivious to the Arabs and the problems posed by settling a country already inhabited by people who regarded it as their own. Theodor Herzl even expected the Arabs to be grateful. He wrote a novel about the projected Zionist homeland in which an Arab character says, "The Jews have enriched us, why should we be angry with them? They dwell among us like brothers. Why should we not love them?" And long after Herzl, an associate of Chaim Weizmann vehemently denied that a Jewish state was even part of the Zionist program.



I am not the one to settle all these disputes. Israel is locked in an endless legitimacy crisis, despite its democracy, that neighboring countries like Syria never have to face, and it is only fair to point that out. People are free to come and go, even if some are freer than others, and more often than not they choose to come.

The real tragedy of Zionism may simply be that it is one more utopian experiment that has run up against the real world, and renouncing the utopianism may not solve the problem. It may be secondary that countries like Syria have nastier governments: Those countries reject Israel like some transplanted foreign tissue. In the long run Zionism may just not work. It may have to be sustained by outside help in order to keep existing at all, as the metaphor about "pulling the plug on Israel" implies, even in the mouths of Israel's supporters.

Which leaves us with the question, beyond the scope of Avishai's book, of what America's relation to Israel should be. That it *is* beyond the scope of his book is itself an interesting fact: It seems to be taken for granted on all sides that the rest of us are to be deferential to ethnic self-absorption, which is intense even in moments of self-criticism like this book. "Israel," our Secretary of State observed recently, "is the truest symbol of the victory of good over evil." All that remains for us, then, is to align ourselves, gratefully and humbly, on the side of good. Is there any other country on earth whose spokesmen could sink to such self-effacing fatuity?

Given Israel's situation, it is natural that it should cling to us, as it was natural that England should seek to bring us into two world wars. Whether the alliance thus sought is good for us is another matter. Yet this supremely relevant question is politically taboo. I would like to hear arguments for the strategic advantages to the U.S. of close alliance with Israel from someone other than the partisans of Israel itself. These arguments can certainly be made, but the auspices are important.

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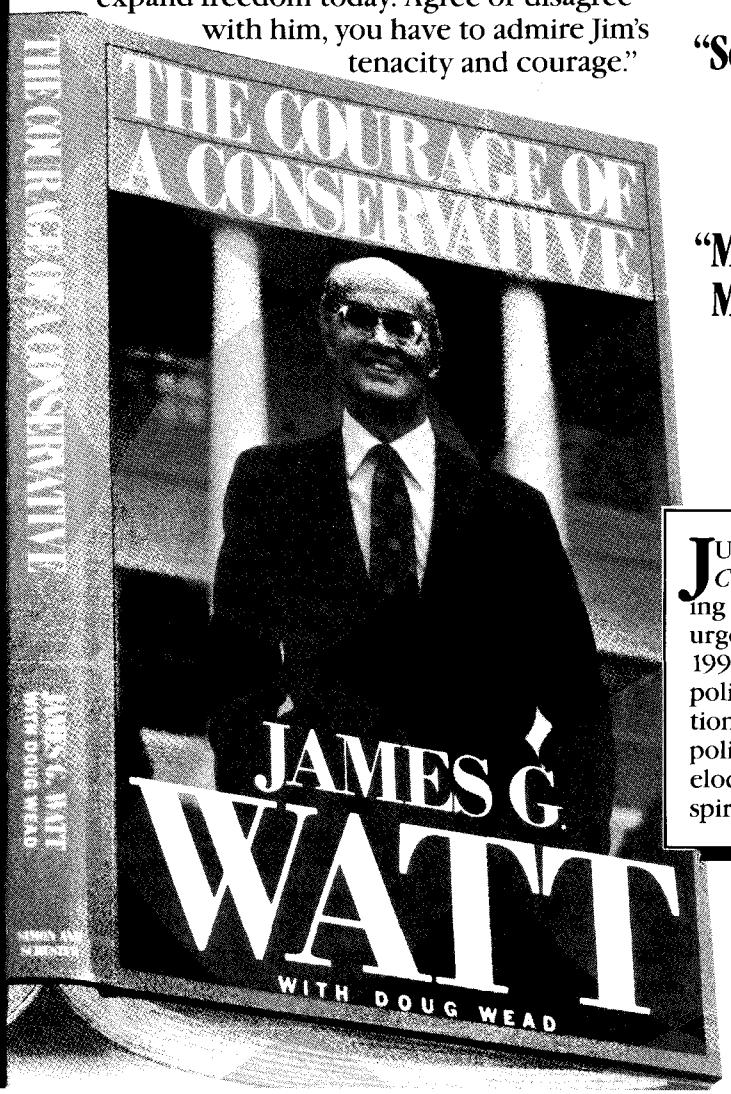
Barry Goldwater says—

"James Watt's battle cry needs to be heard by every freedom-loving American."

"This book opens the door to a new conservative agenda," says George Bush.
"The Jim Watt candor, honesty and combativeness come shining through in this portrait of the modern conservative movement. The book speaks of compassion and is compassionate."

"Courage of a kind that is needed, says Jack Kemp, if we are to preserve and expand freedom today. Agree or disagree with him, you have to admire Jim's tenacity and courage."



"Combines deep personal conviction with outspoken public advocacy.
Anyone wishing to understand the conservative mood of much of today's America must read this book." *—George McGovern*

"An exciting person, an exciting writer.
He is willing to call for hard decisions necessary for us as Americans if we are going to carry freedom and liberty into the 21st century." *—Pat Robertson*

"Sets forth the fundamental issues.
It will help frame the public debate for the 1986 and 1988 elections as well as for the elections of the next decade."
—Lewis E. Lehrman

"May well become the Bible of the Modern Conservative Movement,
with Watt as its most articulate spokesman."
—Rabbi Joshua O. Haberman,
Senior Rabbi, Washington Hebrew Congregation

JUST AS BARRY GOLDWATER'S *The Conscience of a Conservative* did in its time, James Watt's electrifying call to arms gives modern conservatives a bold and urgently needed agenda for the late 1980s and the 1990s. Examining social welfare, foreign and domestic policy, economic growth, free enterprise and regulation, equality, and the moral values at the root of our political system, *The Courage of a Conservative* is an eloquent plea for revitalizing the American ideals of spiritual freedom and political liberty.

Simon and Schuster

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More October Titles: *Hemingway: A Biography* (Harper & Row, $27.50), by Jeffrey Meyers, is a superior life of the American writer: rich in new material and detail, admiring but critical and levelheaded, elegantly written.

The Revenge of the Philistines: Art and Culture, 1972-1984 (Free Press, $25), by Hilton Kramer, is a collection of reviews and essays by the former art critic for the *New York Times*, now editor of *The New Criterion*. Kramer subjects contemporary art to his own formal aesthetic standards and attacks politically conscious works to the point of doubting whether great art can be political at all.

In *The Evidence of Things Not Seen* (Holt, Rinehart, $11.95), James Baldwin turns a book about the Atlanta child murders that culminated in the arrest of Wayne Bertram Williams in 1981 into a lengthy discussion of race relations in the United States. . . . *Socialism and America* (Harcourt Brace, $17.95), by Irving Howe, considers the problematical existence of socialism in the United States.

Queer (Viking, $14.95), by William S. Burroughs, was written in 1951, well before the publication of *The Naked Lunch*, and grew out of a shooting accident in which the novelist killed his wife. . . . In *The Old Gringo* (Farrar, $14.95), the Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes speculates upon the fate of Ambrose Bierce, whom he imagines as having gone to Mexico to die but instead joining a gang of revolutionaries.

☐ Some November Titles: In *Patton: The Man behind the Legend 1885-1945* (Morrow, $17.95), Martin Blumenson describes the self-doubt that haunted Patton all his life, making him more fearful of cowardice and ineptitude than of injury or death, and causing him to set for himself unattainably high standards of conduct and achievement.

In *To Whom It May Concern: An Investigation of the Art of Elephants* (Norton, $14.95), by David Gucwa and James Ehmann, we learn that elephants like to draw, and we admire fifty of their stick-and-dirt sketches in reproduction. We do not know if the drawings are made through boredom or the need for artistic release, but they have been admired by Willem de Kooning and other professionals. —CW

It has become the theme of those partisans during the last few years that the Arab-Israeli conflict is part of the East-West conflict, with "terrorism" somehow an extension of Communism. No doubt the Soviets are glad that we see it this way; for their own reasons, they share with the Israelis a natural interest in hostility between Arabs and the United States. But to read Avishai's book is to see how peculiar and local the whole Zionist issue is. The Middle East dispute is one of those controversies that can hardly concern anyone but the immediate disputants, rather like two men in love with the same woman: You can feel the pathos of it, but you do well to stay neutral. ☐

IN OUR TIME

William A. Hunter

The Other End of the Lifeboat, by Otto Scott (Regnery, 329 pp., $18.95)

In this the autumn of our discontent it is fascinating to observe the feverish efforts of the American Left to settle upon one foolproof issue that could be depended upon to scuttle the Reagan Administration's second term. There is an ample reserve of causes yet to be activated, of course, but few of them would offer the emotional satisfaction of the crusade (charade?) that has held the attention of the media ever since the inevitable collapse of last May's Bitburg crisis. As long as the tension over the South African dilemma can be prolonged, there is little need to develop a fresh theme.

When Otto Scott began a leisurely fact-finding visit to South Africa in August 1982, he could not have foreseen how appropriate his timing was. There have been few periods in the postwar years when it could have been said that absolute tranquillity prevailed there, but in retrospect it seems to have been an uncharacteristic respite, as if a welcome truce had been agreed upon, in preparation for the renewal of the racial struggles that have erupted day by day in 1985.

In this minutely detailed account of his sojourn in South Africa, Scott records the testimony of dozens of public figures and ordinary citizens of all races, as he toured the metropolitan areas and isolated rural settlements. One of his first surprises was to find an unassailable impartiality in the agency—the Department of Information—that arranged the majority of his interviews. At no time did he detect any effort to direct him primarily to those who favored the government's policies.

The diversity of views expressed is also astonishing, as it cannot be seen to correspond to a cleavage between the English-speaking British elements and the Afrikaans-speaking descendants of the original Boers. The latter, who arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in the seventeenth century, were primarily Dutch emigrants, although accompanied by a minority of other groups, including French Huguenots.

Scott devotes the first half of the book to an illuminating summary of the tumultuous history of South Africa since the 1880s, when, in spite of its geographical isolation, it was forced into a role in European history. A chain of circumstances suddenly brought all of the African continent to the attention of the Western world precisely at the time when the expanding ambitions of the major powers were sending them in search of overseas colonies to provide raw materials. Even the celebrated meeting of Stanley and Livingstone hastened the frantic scramble for territorial claims by France, Germany, Britain, and Belgium.

The author describes the visionary plans of the enigmatic Cecil Rhodes and his associates, including Lord Milner and Alfred Beit. The steady encroachment of the British into areas claimed by the Boers made conflict inevitable, and it could not be said that the Boer War was the Empire's finest hour. Scott offers details seldom found in the textbooks, and he adds:

> In retrospect, the Boer War . . . marked a turn in the road of European behavior whose significance presaged the developments of the new century. One such development was the use of deep trenches for defense by the Boers, which anticipated . . . World War I. The large-scale use of concentration camps for civilians was another step toward horrors to come. Another horrific innovation was the treatment of civilians as combatants.

It is remarkable that the Union of South Africa, which emerged from the Treaty of Vereeniging in 1902, could have remained so long as a component of the British Empire, after the unprecedented bitterness of the conflict. It has largely been forgotten in the West, moreover, that South Africa intended, after achieving independence in 1961, to remain within the Common-

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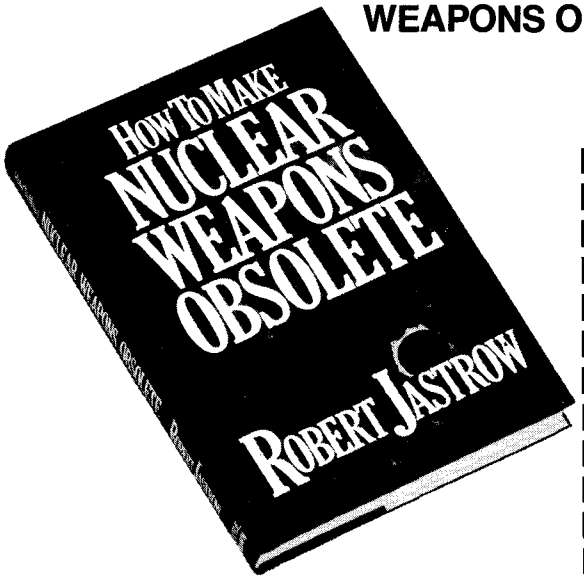

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wealth, with the same status as that enjoyed by Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The vituperation directed at Prime Minister Verwoerd by the London press and his own colleagues in the Prime Ministers' Conference of that year led to a different decision. Scott describes this scene:

> Their attitude toward South Africa was lofty. Ghana and Nigeria, which were to be scenes of terrible massacres, were especially moralistic. Canada, which does not allow Indians to become citizens, was equally vehement, equally disdainful. Only Australia and New Zealand believed that South Africa should be admitted. Asians and black nations expressed implacable hostility. Verwoerd withdrew the request: South Africa was free of Britain —but a pariah.

Scott's interviews, often recorded almost verbatim, contain opinions offered by bankers, journalists, clergymen, professors, authors, and academic figures of many disciplines. Their views are no more uniform than those that could be heard in any Western country. There is a broad diversity especially among the adherents of the several branches of the Dutch Reformed Church. Vigorous defense of the policies of apartheid is rare. It is viewed as a snare in which the nation has allowed itself to become entangled. To be sure, some advocate radical relaxation of most restrictions, but many are doubtful of the likelihood of any graceful, or peaceful, remedy in the near future.

The epilogue is a summary of the contemporary situation, with a penetrating analysis of the crucial importance of South Africa for the defense of the West. Little that has happened within the last few months has altered its aptness.

The author closes with these observations:

> Finally, the South Africans appear to be as clumsy in explaining their system to foreigners as are the Americans. Both nations suffer from global abuse, and both seem unable to create intellectual responses that either deflect or destroy that abuse, even though the truth of both countries is that their citizens are in far better circumstances, and enjoy far more freedoms, than those in most other parts of the world . . . Both would be well advised to ponder the example of the Israelis, a people with thousands of years of experience in dealing with self-appointed critics. The Israelis do not quake before criticism but exercise their own wills, their own methods, and their own right of self-defense. The South Africans and Americans would do well to take the same course, for both are afloat on the high seas of world history in the same lifeboat.

It would be futile to suppose that this book alone could succeed in bringing common sense into the current debate, which will no doubt continue for many months longer. But it is certainly a work that deserves far more attention than it has heretofore received even within conservative circles. □

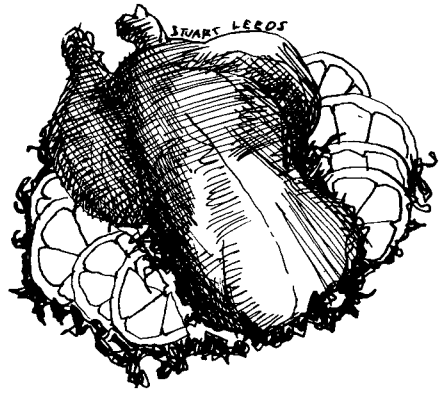
MOURNINGS IN MEXICO

Robert Royal

Distant Neighbors: A Portrait of the Mexicans, by Alan Riding (Knopf, 385 pp., $18.95)

In Evelyn Waugh's wicked novel *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, a dim classics teacher on holiday finds himself in "a typical modern state, governed by a single party, acclaiming a dominant Marshal, supporting a vast ill-paid bureaucracy whose work is tempered and humanized by corruption." *Mutatis mutandis*—a dominant President is acclaimed, some bureaucrats are only too well paid, and graft has in certain instances outgrown humane proportions ("corruption has become corrupted," as one politician said)—Waugh might well have been describing Mexico.

Mexico's manifold domestic difficulties are almost too well known to warrant mention: political repression, censorship or suborning of the press, impoverished rural Indians, impoverished urban immigrants, pollution, massive external debt made more grave by the decline in oil prices, wild population growth in the capital, waves of Guatemalan and other Central American refugees along the southern border, restive entrepreneurs along the northern border—to mention only the more salient items. You do not have to invoke the domino theory to see that the United States will face something of a threat from the south.



The most useful part of Alan Riding's *Distant Neighbors: A Portrait of the Mexicans* is his description of how Mexican culture and society have given rise to the political system. Riding's vision is at times a little too deterministic—he finds the roots of virtually all current problems in the unhappy confluence of authoritarian Aztec culture with authoritarian Spanish Catholic culture. But his emphasis on the deep cultural matrix of modern Mexico provides a necessary perspective for those who are too ready with apologies or condemnations. Mexico, Riding correctly argues, can change only at deep social and political cost.

In spite of its obvious failings, Mexico continues to work, after a fashion. It would probably be too much to say that Mexico is the Italy of the Americas, but the Mexicans have discovered some ingenious adaptations to circumvent the obstacles of their political system. In a culture that from the beginning has been dominated by a single authority figure, for example, it was only to be expected that the Mexican president would be the point through which all lines of force run. Such a concentration of power inevitably breeds a patronage system, patronage breeds corruption, and corruption in Mexico has generally meant a sharing of the pie (the government generously co-opts opposition leaders and journalists). The result may not be Swiss democracy, but Riding believes that only Mexican solutions will solve characteristically Mexican problems.

The most burning question at present is whether the old-style system of patronage and corruption—the "oil and glue," as Riding calls them, that smoothed over difficulties and gave a large portion of the elites a stake in the system—will be able to respond to the massive problems now appearing. In the current economic crunch Mexico can no longer afford the luxury of state-run companies like Pemex, which produces only one-third of the oil per worker that its counterpart in Vene-

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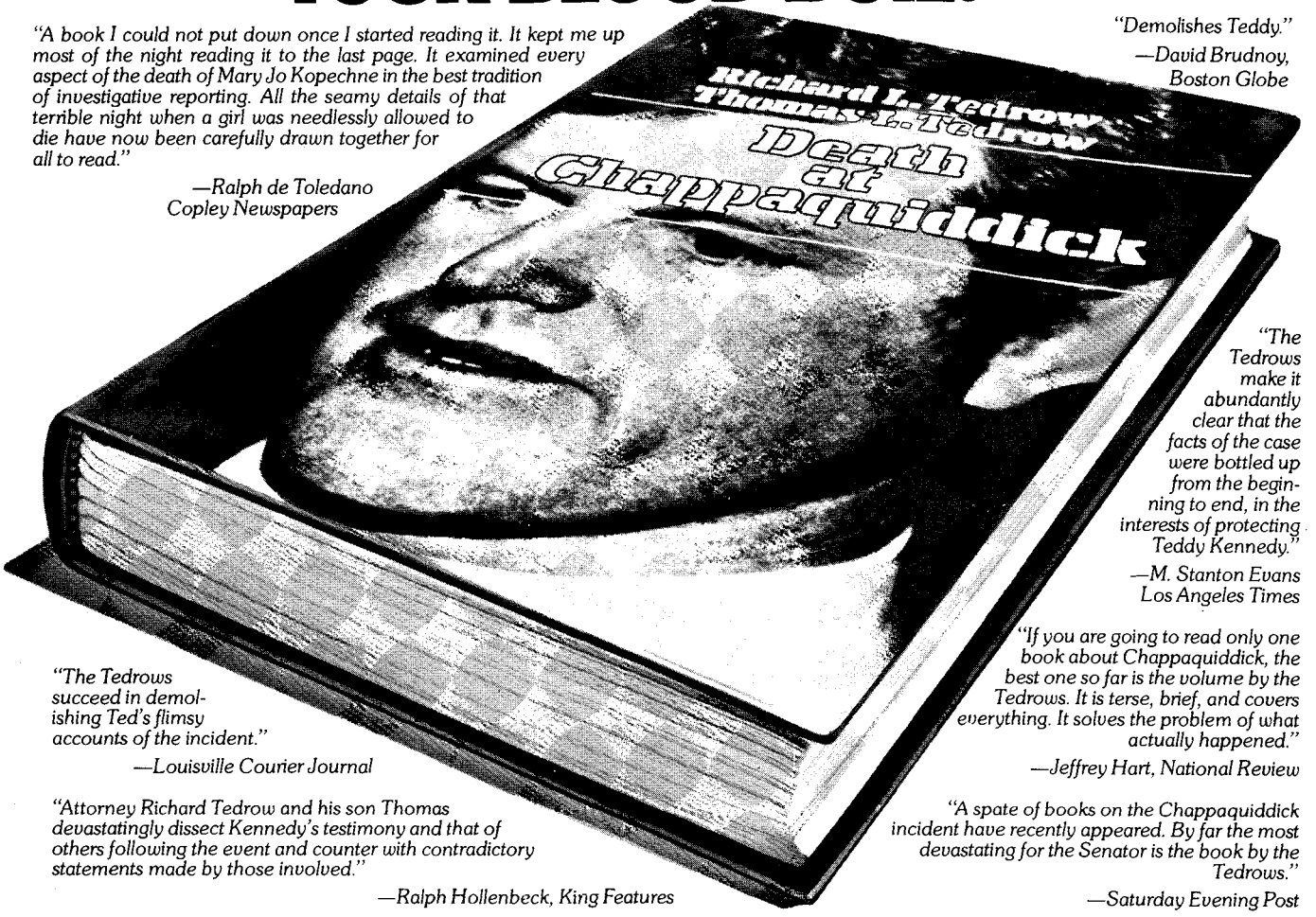

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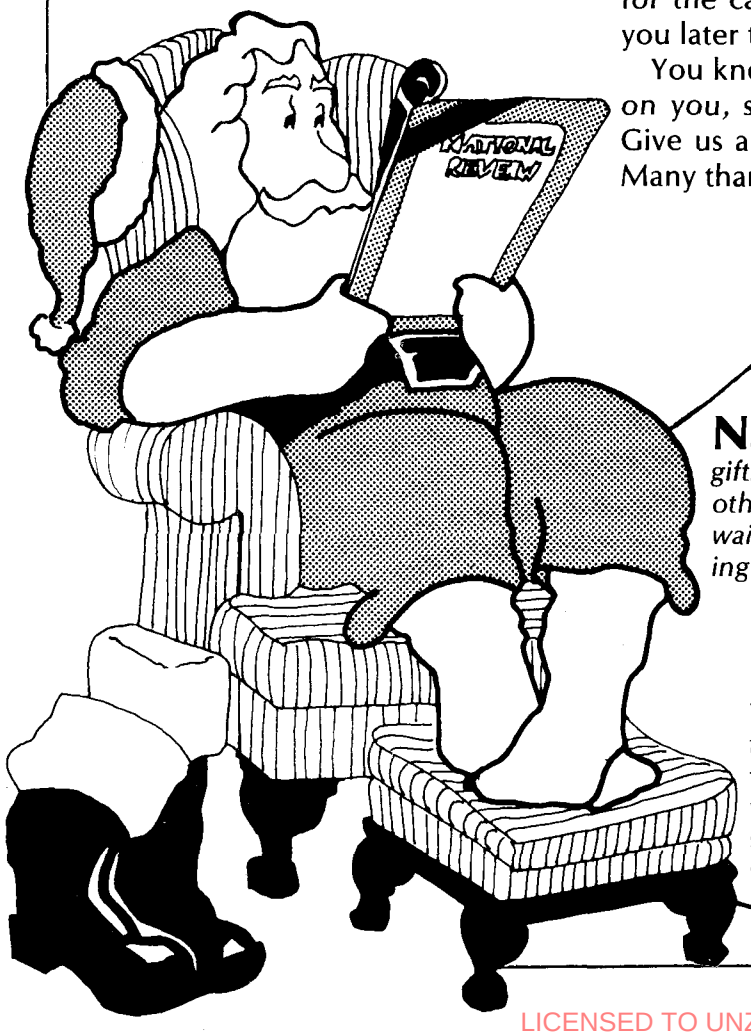

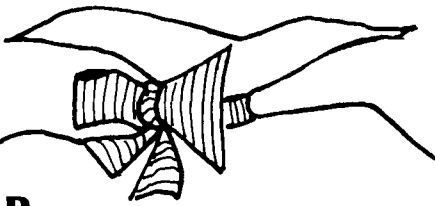

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Marshall B. Coyne

zuela produces. Just to solve the pollution and population problems of Mexico City will take a shake-up in the bureaucracy and some energetic action not usually found in the current system.

In foreign affairs Mexico also needs to find fresh currents. Mexican pride still smarts at the loss of one-half of the national territory to the United States in the nineteenth century; thus Mexico's traditional fixed opposition to U.S. interventions. However, Mexico needs the United States and knows it. For the most part, Mexico steers clear of the anti-Western antics of many Third World nations. Riding correctly describes Mexico's principal motive on the international scene as a desire to shield itself from outside pressures. Practically speaking, this has meant a tacit agreement with Cuba that neither side would interfere in the other's internal affairs, opposition to U.S. influence throughout Latin America, and yet a close enough relationship with the United States in the East-West struggle to keep vital economic and political ties intact.

The only way to make sense of Mexico's reactions to Central America is to view them as a covert policy toward the United States. Mexico has traditionally looked down on and ignored Central America unless the United States was active there. When the U.S. Marines were fighting the Nicaraguan rebel Augusto César Sandino in the 1930s, Mexico supplied him with weapons. The moment our Marines pulled out, the Mexicans lost interest in Nicaragua even though the Somozas were sympathetic to the United States. Mexico came late to support for the Sandinistas in the 1970s, and only after they seemed to have a good chance of success. But when the Mexicans did get involved it was with a vengeance: The first Sandinista junta flew into Managua from Costa Rica on then President López Portillo's official jet, *Quetzalcoatl I.*

Since fear of U.S intervention is always the major consideration for the Mexicans, they have been among the strongest supporters of the most anti-U.S. aspects of the Contadora process —while themselves interfering in Central America whenever it suited their interests. In El Salvador, for example, Mexico has recognized the guerrillas as a representative political force—representative of *whom*, given the successful

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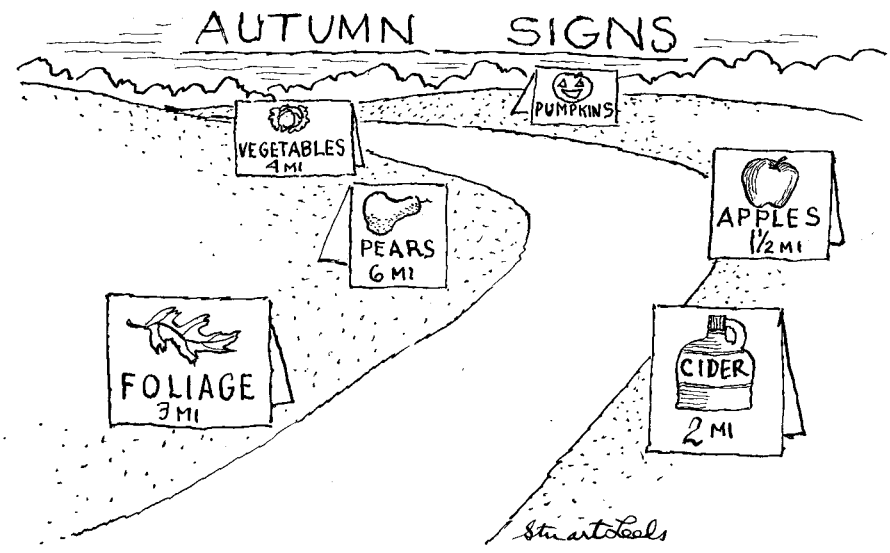
Salvadoran elections and the guerrillas' inability to gain popular backing, has never been explained.

Riding seems much too ready to accept this double dealing as a necessity for the Mexicans. His only criticisms of Mexican behavior are some rather weak observations that Mexico does not seem to realize that she herself may be subject to leftist destabilization. Mexico's own interventions are characterized blandly: "In many ways, Mexico's relationship with the United States was mirrored in Central America's relationship with Mexico."

Riding's weakness on Central American politics notwithstanding, the historical perspectives and contemporary analysis he provides make *Distant Neighbors* a useful guidebook to a complex country. As we approach the year 2000 Mexico City's population will probably approach 25 million. Illegal immigration to the United States will doubtless grow. And the stability of Mexico will be threatened by internal and external factors. What anyone on either side of the Rio Grande will be able to do in the face of all this is not easy to say. But we would do well to acquaint ourselves with the simmering nation to the south. □



A GIFT RETURNED

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Frank and Maisie, by Wilfrid Sheed (Simon & Schuster, 297 pp., $17.95)

SOMEWHERE, Auberon Waugh wrote that he did not himself undertake to write a book about his father, or to edit his father's letters and journals, because he could not surmount the first and operative obstacle, namely, What to call him? "Mr. Waugh" might just have pleased the old man, who in one of his letters revealed that he countenanced intimacy and formality, despising only informality. But only if Mr. Waughs breed little Mr. Waughs is that contrivance congenial both to the dead father and the live son. To whom, as also to the deceased subject of such a book, the use of "Dad," or even "Father," would have rankled; and if he had referred to him simply as "Evelyn," Auberon wrote, the clouds above would verily part, and his dead father would smite him down for the sin of informality. Accordingly, he turned the job over to someone else to do. Wilfrid Sheed only just succeeds in getting us used to "Frank" and "Maisie," but leaves us overwhelmingly grateful that he did not turn the job over to anyone else.

Oh, it is entirely likely that down the line one or more biographers will write about Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward. They are infinitely interesting, and indeed it would not surprise if their legend were approached by those who want to recall that extraordinary pair of evangelists in another mode than the formal biography. They would make fit subjects of a profound and moving novel. Certainly they would easily fill out an intellectual biography dealing with Catholicism in the twentieth century. And even—yes—a musical comedy. I can hear it now, and without a strain of sacrilege. And for those who can read hagiography, and wish also to read about a couple actively alive during this century, let them look—vainly, I conjecture—for fitter subjects than this couple, so dimly remembered.

Never mind. Three-quarters of all Americans do not (a recent poll reveals) know who Al Smith was, and I would venture that 99 per cent do not remember the name of Dorothy Day, close friend of Frank and Maisie (I adopt, with some pain, Wilfrid Sheed's usage), the saintly ascetic who was careless enough to confuse Christianity and socialism. But just two decades ago, Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward were the central figures of lay American Catholicism. All the more piquant given that neither of them was born American, and that lay Catholicism, during the same period, was popularly in the hands of others, who practiced above all docility, a virtue, but not an exclusive virtue. The *Brooklyn Tablet* had more loyal constituents, which is okay by me, though of a different kind, which I regret.

To deal quickly with the background. Frank Sheed was an Australian who studied law and traveled to London, where his Christian afflatus quickly soared. He became a street evangelist, speaking at Hyde Park Corner and elsewhere the Gospel according to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. He met there a woman engaged in the same profession, eight years his senior, descendant of a proud English Catholic family, and Frank Sheed married Maisie Ward. For twenty years they preached the Gospel, on street corners, at seminars, at meeting halls, wherever the drunks, the skeptics, the pedants, or the curious would gather. Their audiences were greatly disconcerted because there was nothing of the Major Barbara in Sheed and Ward. Serious, yes, always; but also penetrating and kind and witty. Frank's style, in the words of his biographer, was a "tap dance between asperity and charity." Hers? "I remember her also on the platform, looking so frail and vulnerable until somebody crossed her; at which point she turned, just like that, into Churchill. Her mind when aroused was incredibly swift and sharp, and I was every bit as cautious about arguing with her as I was with Frank—if the argument was serious. Frank had no peer at the Silly Argument."

And although Frank and Maisie never did any one thing to the exclusion of other things, they waited until 1927

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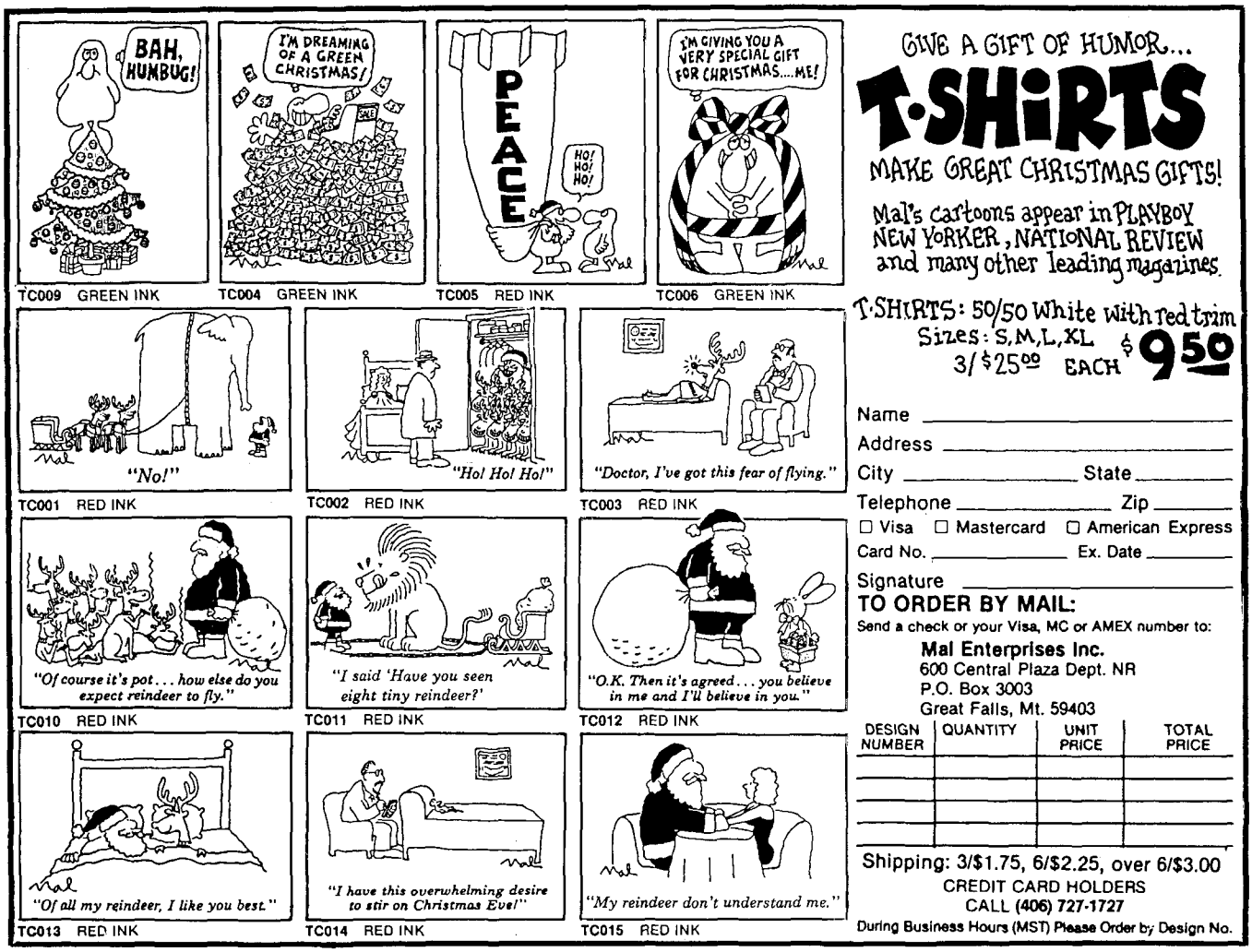
to found, in London, the book-publishing firm of Sheed and Ward, bringing its principal office to New York in 1933, where for thirty-odd years it was the central publishing house of serious Catholicism. Although Fulton Sheen was a Sheed and Ward author, the mind turns more readily to such as John Courtney Murray, Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, and, of course, Chesterton and Belloc.

Something very interesting suddenly happened, the potsherds of which Wilfrid Sheed elects only to touch on here, with that obliquity that so well suits his style. It is that when the Vatican Council came, something unanticipated set in among Catholics. Priests and nuns became laicized, Catholic schools closed down, churches substantially emptied, dogma relaxed—and what also set in was the demise of the publishing firm of Sheed and Ward. To be sure, Frank and Maisie were old now, and surely no other couple save Ferdinand and Isabella has combined the talent, the energy, and the capacity to lead that this couple did. But one has the feeling—indeed, the author here encourages it—that even if they had been much younger, somehow the firm of Sheed and Ward really had nothing very much left to say after Vatican II. And that of course is something some of us regret, who believe there was never a time when more needed saying than now: which brings me to address the main feature of *Frank and Maisie*.

It will no doubt disconcert him to hear it, but any book by Wilfrid Sheed is in the end more a book by Wilfrid Sheed than a book about the subject of that book. And this is not because he takes on uninteresting subjects (Wilfrid Sheed has even written a book about Clare Boothe Luce). But a novel by Wilfrid Sheed on contracting polio (*People Will Always Be Kind*) is more a novel by Wilfrid Sheed than a novel about contracting polio or about how people react to a boy who does. A novel about life in a British boarding school (*The Blacking Factory*) or about life working on a journal of opinion (*Office Politics*) or about the dissipations of a hectically driven, spiritually inert but never asleep producer (*Transatlantic Blues*) is, when all is said and done, another brilliant novel by Wilfrid Sheed. This is said in the august sense that one would speak of "an opera" by Verdi ("I forget which one it was") or even "a novel by Dickens."

His skills overwhelm. There is, to begin with, the nonstop miracle of his verbal resources, his distinctive literary touch: just the right word exactly placed; the wit of the formulations; the feel for high idiom. He has these skills, and in *Frank and Maisie* they are everywhere in evidence, describing remarkable parents, a young lifetime with them, the qualities they cultivated, the sharpness of the intellectual lines drawn, the exasperations and pleasures of childhood. This is what people will be looking for in *Frank and Maisie*. What they will preponderantly find is another book by Wilfrid Sheed.

Yet having said that, it does not detract from his near-perfect tribute to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"No!"
"Ho! Ho! Ho!"
"Doctor, I've got this fear of flying."
TC001 RED INK
TC002 RED INK
TC003 RED INK
"Of course it's pot... how else do you expect reindeer to fly."
"I said 'Have you seen eight tiny reindeer?'
"O.K. Then it's agreed... you believe in me and I'll believe in you."
TC010 RED INK
TC011 RED INK
TC012 RED INK
"Of all my reindeer, I like you best."
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his parents, the kind of book they would surely have wanted to read for private pleasure. Encyclopedic renditions of their lives with tributes to their literary and corporeal contributions will, as I say, come along in due course. But meanwhile here is a private offering: available to all those who care to take pleasure in an extravagantly gifted observer, writing about engrossing people.

Sheed-watchers who remark the great pull of the skeptic in his writings, the lure of style and cosmopolitanism unrelated, however, to any commitment to philosophical impiety, will be especially interested in this book. Bill Sheed is always carefully poised to maintain the non-declarative nature of his filial devotion. But at one point in the book he breaks down. It happens in a passage in which he concludes his brief narrative about his affliction with polio.

> Keeping me sublimely unaware of the psychic cost to them of polio was the family's greatest gift, and it was a pleasure later in life to try to return the favor—to Min [his grandmother] first, as she lay crotchety and impatient after two strokes, and later to Maisie and Frank, as time wore them down. But there was no returning this one. I left my sickbed raring to go, as one does from a good dream. If they had never published a book or (in my mother's case) housed a poor couple or sunk a well in India, their works justified them. Because they couldn't have squeezed out this kindness to me from some penurious stockpile. They had to love the human race.

The last sentence comes as easily from the pen of Wilfrid Sheed as a valentine from the out box of the Pentagon. But it tells us what was his motivation in writing this memoir, as only he could have done it. Indeed, one is tempted to put it that Wilfrid had to love the human race to write as he did, and that last may be the journalistic beat of the season. □

A RELUCTANT PROPAGANDIST

Jeffrey Meyers

Orwell: The Lost Writings, edited by W. J. West (Arbor House, 304 pp., $20)

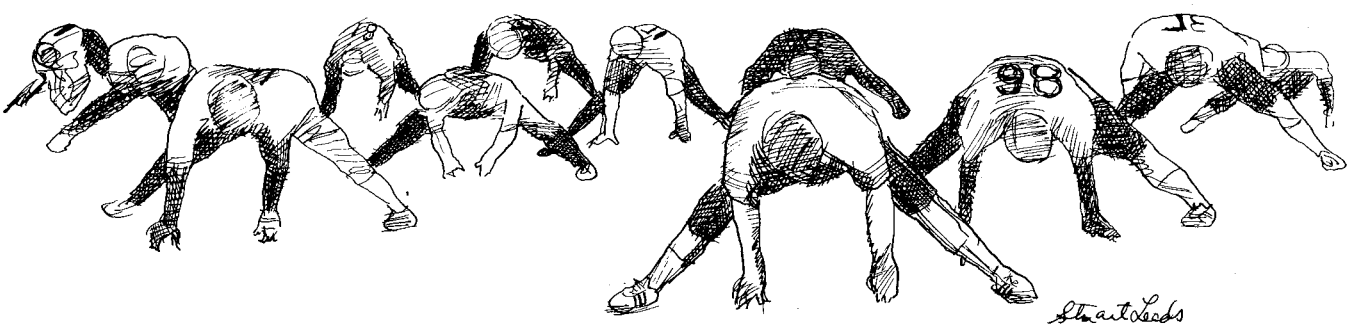
WHEN I wished to study the Orwell papers at the British Broadcasting Company archives in Reading, England, I was given a radically incomplete file. The amateur scholar William J. West, searching for material on C. K. Ogden's Basic English, had accidentally found that radio talks by Orwell—a producer in the Indian section from August 1941 until November 1943—had been mysteriously placed under the name of the Indian lady who introduced the program. This eventually led to West's astonishing discovery of many of Orwell's weekly war commentaries (to be published in a later volume), of 16 political and literary talks and adaptations, and of one hundred pages of letters from Orwell to his contributors. Unfortunately, this impersonal, routine, and repetitive correspondence could have been written by any bureaucrat.

Though Orwell was born in India and had been a policeman in Burma, he seemed too independent and outspoken for this essential but soul-destroying war work. His novel *Burmese Days* had been banned in India, and in "Looking Back on the Spanish War" (June 1943) he wrote: "Official war-propaganda, with its disgusting hypocrisy and self-righteousness, always tends to make thinking people sympathize with the enemy." This volume, like his later novels, charts his progress from idealism to disillusionment.

Orwell complains about the desperate search for appropriate subjects, laments the poor quality of the transmissions ("it was a complete muck-up and consisted largely of scratching noises"), maintains the "broadcasts are utterly useless because nobody listens to them," notes in his diary that he is forced to lie for propaganda purposes but denies this in his letter of resignation. He is frustrated by the impossibility of getting anything done and feels like "an orange that's been trodden on by a very dirty boot"—a brutal image that recurs in his essays and in *1984*. He must leave in order to "be near-human again and able to write something serious." Still, the BBC was not all bad. It continued to pay Hitler royalties, during the war, for excerpts from *Mein Kampf*.

West's sound introduction to this small-print edition (though marred by a dozen minor errors) shows that Orwell's biographer was ignorant of the BBC background and (despite Orwell's complaints) that these years were not wasted. West usefully confirms that Basic English influenced the creation of Newspeak in *1984*; that wartime censorship inspired the portrayal of Winston Smith's work; that Senate House, the headquarters of the Ministry of Information (which controlled censorship), was the physical model for the Ministry of Truth; and that its chief, Brendan Bracken, known as "BB," was the forerunner of Big Brother. But West's claim that Orwell's adaptation of Ignazio Silone's story "The Fox" (September 1943) "directly inspired him to write *Animal Farm*" is not convincing. The inspiration, as Orwell states (and West quotes), came *before* the war; and Silone's work, in any case, is entirely different from Orwell's.

The material in this volume is of uneven interest. The content of the broadcasts, like Comrade Napoleon's speeches to the farm animals, is extremely over-simplified. Despite the contributions of T. S. Eliot, William Empson, and E. M. Forster (whose *Passage to India* was broadcast to India as *German* propaganda), they do



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not deal "with political and literary matters in the highest intellectual context." Rather, as Forster more realistically observed, they are "chatty and scrappy."

The talk on "British Rations and the Submarine War" was spoken by an Indian as if he, rather than Orwell, had written it. Some of the non-discussions are absurd ("ORWELL: The second poem is more like a ballad. EMPSON: Actually it's a savage attack on militaristic sentiment. ORWELL: Possibly, but as I was saying") or unintentionally funny: "It's a pity Wilfred Owen isn't here to read it. He was killed. But we've got Edmund Blunden here today."

What is needed, to place these talks in their proper context, is a discussion of the war in Europe and in South Asia, and a relation of the broadcasts to Orwell's other works. When Orwell was a propagandist, the Nazis were masters of Europe from Norway to the Black Sea. There was a strong possibility that the Japanese might invade India after the fall of Burma in January 1942, or even that the Axis might win the war if Hitler broke through Russia to the Persian Gulf and India joined Japan.

Orwell's talks on Edmund Blunden, Jack London, and Jonathan Swift were early versions of his review of Blunden's *Cricket Country* (1944), his introduction to London's *Love of Life* (1945), and his essay on *Gulliver's Travels* (1946), which meant more to him "than any other book ever written." The third "Voice" talk on poetry reveals that *David Copperfield* influenced "Such, Such Were the Joys," his essay about "education as an instrument of torture." The first sentence of Orwell's part of a story by five different writers recalls the opening of *1984*; the reluctance to kill an enemy recalls Orwell's own unwillingness, in Spain, to shoot a Fascist who was holding up his trousers and was "visibly a fellow-creature"; and his observation that Blunden's poems express "a love of the surface of the earth" exactly anticipates his famous statement in "Why I Write": "So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth." □

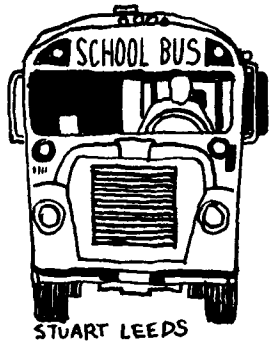
FILM

COMPASSIONATE SATIRE

John Simon

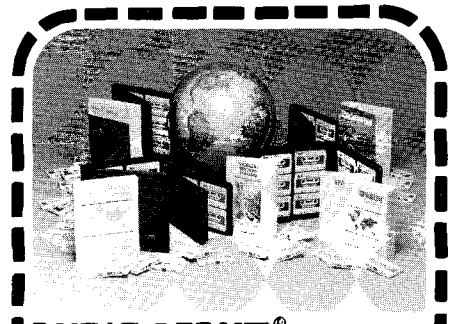
EMIR KUSTURICA, the 31-year-old Yugoslav film director, caused quite a stir by winning the grand prize at Cannes with what is only his second feature, *When Father Was Away on Business*. For once, the Cannes jury was right: This film deserves the accolade. And apropos of accolades, Kusturica told me that he doesn't like tepid films; he wants a movie to hug you or slap you in the face. *Father* does both. It is a film of undaunted honesty and unswerving intelligence, borne aloft by humor, heartache, satire, and compassion—an unbeatable combination.

The movie is based on a number of true stories, combining the family experiences of both its director and its scenarist, the poet Abdulah Sidran. I found it indebted also to Milan Kundera's novel (and film) *The Joke*, as Kusturica willingly admits: He spent five years at Prague's famous film academy, where, shortly before, Kundera had taught, and admires the great novelist. In that novel, an innocent political joke has dreadful repercussions under a repressive regime that, axiomatically, has to be humorless. In *Father*, Meša, a minor government functionary who travels and womanizes a lot, refuses to divorce his wife, Sena, as the gym teacher Ankica, his current mistress, would have him do. Meša sees a political cartoon in the relatively liberal paper *Politika*, showing Marx writing at his desk and looking up for inspiration at a portrait of Stalin on his wall. We are in the late 1940s, when Yugoslavia is still paying official homage to Stalin while Tito is secretly jailing hard-core Stalinists.



"They're overdoing it a bit," is Meša's comment on the cartoon. Ankica, thwarted, remembers, and, having left Meša in a huff, passes on the comment to her new lover, who is none other than Zijo, Sena's brother and Meša's brother-in-law, a rather higher party official. Out of jealousy, after what seems like a relatively amiable family dinner, Zijo has Meša carted off to an unknown destination. Seven-year-old Malik, the film's real hero, and his movie-buff brother, Mirza, *circa* 12, are told by Sena that their father is on a business trip. The locale is Sarajevo, where the Bosnians, whose ancestors were forcibly converted to Mohammedanism by the Turks, are especially patriarchal, rule over their wives and other women, and, by their absence, cripple a family doubly.

Malik is a sweet, chubby, dopey-looking troublemaker. He is also a sleepwalker, but his somnambulism often seems to have a system to it: It can, to the confounding of his parents, divert attention to him; it can even lead him into the bed of a little neighbor girl, Mašenka, whom he is enamored of. He is passionate also about soccer (as are almost all true-blue Yugoslavs) and, with his fat friend Jože, is saving up to buy a real soccer ball, made of leather and with an inflatable inner tube. But, as Serbo-Croatian would have it, *koža* (leather) also means "skin," and *duša* (inner tube) also means "soul." The people around Malik have plenty of the for-



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mer, with all its leathery toughness and erotic itches, but, for all their inflated egos, are short on inner tubes.

Sena is a decent, earnest, hard-working seamstress, now toiling twice as hard to keep her headless family going while Father, as it turns out, is doing two years of forced labor at the Lipnica coal mine. As the kids continue with their respective passions, soccer and movies, the country proceeds with the phasing out of Stalin and the monotheistic enshrinement of Tito, even opening itself up wide to Western tourism. Swiftly and unerringly, Kusturica sets the public and private tone *circa* 1950 with a couple of introductory sequences. While sundry agricultural tasks are being performed with a mixture of jollity, inefficiency, and just plain indolence, the town drunkard (who claims that his reflexes are quicker when he is soused) leads the assembled workers and children in enthusiastic renditions of various Mexican songs. Why Mexican? Because in these parlous times, they are the safest politically.

What makes the film so unusual, beyond its outspokenness, is the resonance of its generally unemphatic details, selected with precision and economy to convey a maximum of psychological and cinematic truth. A certain rough lyricism coats the most humdrum and harsh realities with wit and empathy, even where indignation would be so much easier. Kusturica, for all his youth, sees the humor in the horror as clearly as the horror in the humor. Take the scene where the parents fight bitterly with blows and

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE PREMISE of *Excellence in Education: The States Take Charge* (American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $4.95), by Denis P. Doyle and Terry W. Hartle, is an interesting one: namely, that the domestic policy initiative, having dwelt for more than a half-century in the national capital, is gradually reverting to the fifty states. The Federal Government—so the argument goes—having promised more and more, actually delivers less and less, and does it, moreover, with increasing clumsiness and ineptitude; hence, individuals and the local governments that represent them are looking increasingly to the states to accomplish the things they hope to see done (just as, in the authors' words, "when the failure is in the public sector . . . the private sector appears"). During the New Deal and Great Society years it was widely assumed that the state governments lacked the organizational capacity (as well as, their detractors suspected, the moral will) to accomplish the reforms mandated by Washington; but, with many of these governments having become mini-versions of the capital itself (certainly not an unmixed blessing), that argument is gradually subsiding.

Partly, therefore, because the federal budget level is diminishing Washington's potential to do everything, and partly because of the natural tendency for the more sophisticated state capitals to assert their demand for greater control, the New Federalism (as William J. Baroody Jr. insists in his foreword) "is a reality today in all but name"—in the field of education, at least. Doyle & Hartle concur: "In a very real sense . . . the first four years of the Reagan Administration have been a triumph of educational policy, although hardly one that was planned. Through federal budget policy the states have been starved, not into submission, but into self-reliance."

Education in America has been described as "a national concern, a state responsibility, and a local function"; and for many years the locus of initiative and control has shifted between the Federal Government, the states, and the localities. Today—in large part because the movement toward state responsibility coincides nicely with the educational-reform movement—the impetus to improve public education comes once again, as it did in the nineteenth century, from individual reformers (modern-day DeWitt Clintons and Henry Barnards), who exert pressure upon the state legislatures to accomplish the desired changes. That being the case, the question becomes: "Have the states the competency, as well as the motivation, to improve education?"—to which Doyle & Hartle answer briskly in the affirmative. They have the manpower, the organization, the money, and a vested interest in the better-educated citizenry necessary to stimulate economic growth and social progress. Moreover, "Once the states have gained power and responsibility, they will be reluctant to see it return to the Federal Government. If anything, the process of devolving responsibility back to the states—for whatever reason—is likely to have enormous staying power."

Already, many states have accomplished a good deal in the way of reform—or, at least, preparation for it—by mandating teacher certification and testing and by offering financial incentives and better professional-development opportunities, as well as by raising taxes to pay for increased financial support for the schools and by reforming methods of educational finance. Nevertheless, an establishment is an establishment, whether it be a creature of the national government or of the states, and Doyle & Hartle are not overly sanguine in predicting results. "How the states move from here," they suggest, "and how the reforms work in practice, will have a profound impact on the future of the public schools. Many of these reforms were enacted in haste. There are design problems. Money will be in short supply. In some cases there is a lack of commitment to them. Yet despite the central role to be played by elected state officials . . . educators are the people on the firing line. . . . If the reforms prove successful, there will be no shortage of people seeking to claim credit. . . . Should the reforms fall short . . . the educators and their students will be blamed, not the legislators who wrote unworkable laws and then walked away from them, nor the governors who lacked the interest or failed to urge adequate funding."

Excellence in Education offers welcome hope, not just for education but for the future of the federal-state relationship in general—tinctured, however, with the warning that, when all is said and done, a politician is a politician is a politician, and a bureaucrat is a bureaucrat is a bureaucrat, at any and every level, whether in Washington, D.C., Helena, Montana, or Springfield, Illinois. □

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rending words (the subtitles do not begin to do justice to the racy, often raunchy though simultaneously poetic, dialogue—least of all to the colorfully off-color expressions in which Yugoslav talk abounds), as the two sons, side by side in the same bed, watch. Little Malik, frightened, sheds silent tears; Mirza, precociously canny, observes with half-smiling fascination. Cut to the next sequence, with the entire family sitting on one bed, Mirza playing "The Anniversary Waltz" (the film's theme song) on the concertina, and all of them singing or stuffing sweets into one another's mouths. Which is sadder: the fisticuffs over Meša's infidelities or the facile, resigned reconciliation? Or, perhaps, which is more comical?

Conversely, there are moments of unadulterated beauty, as when Mirza brings Malik home after foiling his attempt to buy a soccer ball and makes him return his savings to their overworked mother, who, moved, stops the sewing machine to hug her sons. Sentimentality is avoided by bits of humor, and also by the loveliness and rhythm of the reverse angle shots, by the way the window frame through which the boys first see their mother (and vice versa) crisscrosses the image and, as it were, puts the characters behind bars. Or take the arrival of Sena and Malik at Lipnica, where Meša has a day off to spend with his family. Steam on a railway platform has often been used for dramatic effect, but never more suspensefully, never more Dantesquely than here. And the accelerating tempo with which the long-separated spouses converge is irresistibly involving: first a guarded, overwhelmed slowness, then an onslaught, then a fast cut to frenzied melting together. Meanwhile Malik, left out, tugs at his father's shirt tails. Hoisted, presently, on Meša's shoulders, he lets out a yowl of delight that the departing train whistle—which is it?—swallows up or makes epic. And as the happily riding Malik's jacket rides up on his midriff, we have just time, before the blackout, to glimpse a parental hand caringly pull it down.

Or consider the comedy of the scenes at the Koviljača Spa, where Meša, whose sentence has been commuted to managing a café-restaurant in the nearby, godforsaken town of Zvornik, goes to buy supplies. The angry Sena knows the lure of the loose women at the spa, and that some of the supplies Meša, the Zvornik doctor (a Russian émigré), and the local commissar are getting will serve appetites other than for comestibles. So Meša takes along Malik, as a supposed guarantee against concupiscence. Soon the men are in a car singing a ditty about three whoremongers—*kurvari* in Serbian—off on a jaunt; when we sight the gate to the spa, it still bears its pre-war (and faulty) German inscription, *Kur-Salon*, which now becomes an ominous pun. Forthwith, under a banner with the slogan CULTURE ART DIVERSION, the most grotesque singer and musicians dispense diversion or art, while our three middle-aged bucks are beginning to cultivate, with fatuous smiles and gestures, some girls sitting two tables away—over the heads of the doggier ones at the intervening table. Before long, all—well, three-quarters of—hell will break loose.

The film ends with a wedding that, for sustained tragicomic invention, has few if any equals. In the course of it, Meša drags Ankica, now Zijo's wife, into the cellar for a bout of revenge-intercourse that, along with its climax and anticlimax, encapsulates every contradictory emotion cohabiting in mankind. In the middle of it all, Malik kicks his new soccer ball toward the cellar window and glimpses his father in furibund adultery. Consumed though he is with curiosity, the boy nevertheless first carefully retrieves his precious new toy, only then to resume his voyeuristic activity. It is in such tiny but transfixing details, as telling as a poet's metaphors, that the movie triumphs.

Countless political allusions will, alas, elude American audiences, but the choral counterpoint of propagandistic orations, newsreels, and radio broadcasts should at least partly register as a sardonic, symbolic commentary. Thus the entire action is sandwiched between two broadcast soccer games: a pleasing victory over Denmark and a riotously intoxicating rout of Russia. But does this make up for a comment at the wedding that the country's coffers are empty and that there's no democracy without dough? The acting is flawless throughout, and only the final parting between Malik and Mašenka (a children's love affair otherwise treated with matchless insight and tact) rings a bit too good to be true. But you need only compare *When Father Was Away on Business* with the highly touted Krzysztof Zanussi's current *A Year of the Quiet Sun*, which tries to do for postwar Poland what *Father* does for Yugoslavia: Zanussi's film is perfumed with artifice; Kusturica's gloriously stinks of life. □

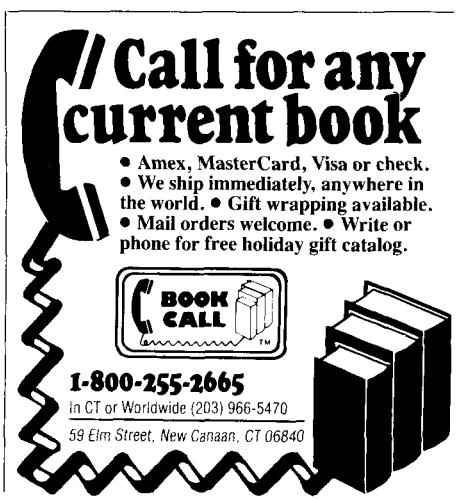
THE GIMLET EYE

BROTHER FARRAKHAN

D. Keith Mano

THE BEAST came to Madison Square Garden, not in a low slouch, but juking and jiving, mischievous as hard luck itself. Don't let me write too well here: the night was terrible and mean, just that. Hatred rose off 25,000 bodies like sweat stink. The vicious after-retch of it caught in my throat. Never have I felt such daunting and absolute human darkness. Louis Farrakhan is, as advertised, an improbably evil man.

Because Farrakhan doesn't even hate: it is all be-bop and cynical grandstanding. His ego could break fire laws. "You cannot say the brother isn't articulate. You can't say he's an ugly dude. God makes me pleasant to look at." Pleasant as D-Con and vodka. Farrakhan is brown-soap colored. With teeth that sprocket out. He reminds you of a gross Charlie McCarthy puppet, preening and high-strutting, more tribal chief than politician. Magnificent black women honor-guard him in their white, servile livery—matched like Anheuser-Busch Clydesdales. He will speak about his "magnetic attraction" and pull a pennanting, A-train roar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from the tribe. "Why did you not say, press, he reminds us of Jesus?" There is no outrage, no absurdity beneath him now. We've gone and encouraged Farrakhan. We react to his rhetorical stunt-flying and make him important in their sight.

His anti-Semitism is broad minstrel stuff. "Would you say the Jews who are angry with me are righteous people?" Roar, Noooo! "They're not?" Noooo! "I didn't hear you." Noooo! "That's what I thought you said." This may be racism as burlesque, but it is no less incendiary. "I am your last chance, Jews. If you rise up to try to kill me . . . then Allah promises that all of you will be killed outright. I'm going to say that again. You can't say 'Never again' to God, because when He puts you in the oven, you're in *deep*." Roar: and ten thousand fists *Sieg Heil* high. It is hideous.

Yet I doubt if Farrakhan spills much soul loathing Jewish people. Probably they just peeve him: after all, no one likes to be dependent. Farrakhan, the professional unclean spirit, has chiseled an up-market persona—but he must have Jews. Later he will get browned off about it: "That shows you their racist attitude—that it's only when white folk discover you that you're really found." Racist or not, it is true: of Farrakhan, of Michael Jackson. For three decades he worked in the black community and had less coverage than September Morn. Moreover, insulting plain white folk is worse than useless. Those dumb silks just tug the forelock and say, Yassuh. It was his anti-Jew scat that made Farrakhan. You are measured by the enemies you can attract.

He has built a shark cage of paranoia. I was thoroughly frisked—arm and leg asplay, intimate white man's burdens spread on the floor—a complete and humiliating patdown. Tape, tape machine, credit card and key case: they even dropped my pen to see if I'd put *plastique* in it. Complete yet strangely superficial—no one examined my thin press credentials. Farrakhan is in heat for media attention. Yet this wasn't a honky special: all 25,000, six by six, were fanned for weapons. Farrakhan is obsessing on his own death. But more than that, Farrakhan is—miracle—the *living* dead. Martyrdom and all its perks without inconvenience. He has died and died again in every speech and yet he is alive. This infatuation with death maintains a pretty tension between Farrakhan and his people. He is, you see, precious, serious, important, targeted. The Fruit of Islam, in their ridiculous, hateful Paris gendarme uniforms, protect a breathing relic. Yet he is still with them. The frisk ("check," they call it) has become a sacrament of reavowal that joins chieftain and tribe.

But it isn't white or even Jew who should be scared chopless by Farrakhan. Like any whistle-stop tyrant, he wants most to dominate his own small precinct. Hell, Farrakhan can't drop a high-explosive shell on Wall Street or Tel Aviv. He has saved the big ju-ju for dissenting black capos. "Listen to me. When a leader sells out his people he should pay a price for that. Don't you think so? Do you think a leader should sell you out and then *live*?" Noooo! The black leader must interact with brothers and sisters each day: any one of whom might be wearing a loaded dashiki. Farrakhan turns around now. To point at the dais behind him where black VIPs (Stokely Carmichael, for instance) and Native American VIPs (Russell Means, for instance) and PLO VIPs and VIP VIPs (Chaka Khan, for instance) have been sitting. "You're all finished," he shouts. And they rise to applaud their own extinction.

You understand at last why Jesse Jackson, a supreme pragmatist, took so long repudiating Farrakhan. This man can provide or withhold money, militiamen, and the one totally obedient vote in all blackdom. Don't run no weird changes on bro' Farrakhan. Yet the repudiation was, I think, pure smoke smoke. Not once did Farrakhan rank Jackson out. He was unlisted among the "silly Toms that do their master's business." Farrakhan, through Jackson, can still get over on Tip O'Neill but good.

There was, of course, a collection plate. Plastic garbage can, rather. (Which would be dumped afterward into a Steel Sack.) It came to me. I handed it on.

"Put some money in. Even the press gotta give," a fat woman beside me is hissing. "You didn't pay your $2 to get in."

"Sorry. Seems I'm in the wrong pew."

And she began to chant, "You gotta die, you gotta die. You know that, you gotta go."

"Maybe," I said. "But I don't intend to pay for it."

Yet I already have. Seeing, as I did that night, 25,000 human beings rush in joy toward murderous hatred and a new servitude. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Baker Street Reader: Cornerstone Writings about Sherlock Holmes, edited by Philip A. Shreffler (Greenwood, 212 pp., $27.50)

PHILIP A. SHREFFLER has given us what is probably the best anthology of essays on Sherlock Holmes ever assembled. Not that *The Baker Street Reader* couldn't have been substantially improved; it is hard to feel altogether comfortable with a Holmes reader that fails to include Julian Symons's "The Case of Sherlock Holmes," Christopher Morley's introduction to *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, or anything at all by G. K. Chesterton. Moreover, Mr. Shreffler's book contains far too many examples of the sort of pseudo-scholarly whimsy-whamsy that is the stock in trade of Baker Street Irregulars at play. (One particularly flagrant case: an essay devoted solely to the pressing question of whether Holmes attended Oxford or Cambridge.) Still, most of the old reliables are here—Edmund Wilson's "'Mr. Holmes, They Were the Footprints of a Gigantic Hound,'" Ronald Knox's "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," Rex Stout's "Watson Was a Woman," various pertinent extracts from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's memoirs. There is also one real find: a 1929 essay by T. S. Eliot exhumed from *The Criterion*, that dusty repository of so many uncollected Eliot gems. The bibliography and index are adequate if not exhaustive. SAUL GOODWIN

The Knight in History, by Frances Gies (Harper & Row, 256 pp., $16.95)

THE INSTITUTION of chivalry has cast a long shadow down to our own times. The knightly traditions are still alive and well in such manifestations as the code of gentlemanly behavior; the Queen's Honors List; the Knights of St. John (Hospitalers), whose record extends from the Crusades to management of a present-day ambulance

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service in England; and various fraternal organizations supporting the good cause of creative anachronism. Frances Gies, in *The Knight in History*, has taken a close look at the development of chivalry and come up with a short, sprightly, and scholarly study. In the manner of Barbara Tuchman, she has an eye for the revealing anecdote as she traces the evolution of European knighthood from a form of ironclad banditry to the idealistic overlays of the Crusades and Arthurian literature. But despite the book's considerable merits, medievalists' eyebrows will rise over her inability to appreciate the well-documented late-Roman origins of knights in the form of cataphracts, or armored horsemen: the sort of warriors who rode with Arthur against the Anglo-Saxon infantry. Miss Gies also makes the curious statement that the crossbow had tactical parity with the longbow, the latter, she says, having only the advantage of a more rapid rate of fire—which, however, won the key battles of Crécy and Agincourt. As time, gunpowder, professional armies, and nascent nationalism chased the international brotherhood of chivalry from the battlefield, Miss Gies gives us the curious reminder that terms like "Gothic" and "Middle Ages" were not coined until the eighteenth century. While Miss Gies is off by a couple of centuries, this does keep the unenlightened reader from imagining one knight confiding to another: "We are medieval men sallying forth on the First Crusade." LEE HOPKINS

EVANS

(Continued from page 29)

is thus reduced to blaming the deficit problem on the tax cuts and outlays for defense.

What has happened in the Reagan era is that, thanks to the rate reductions of 1981, the revenue side of this equation has been brought under relative control; federal receipts have continued to go up, but not at so steep an angle as in the past. The effort to control the spending line, however, has not succeeded. On that side, the trend continues to be approximately what it was in the Carter era. The deficit is the widening divergence between these graph lines.

As that mental diagram suggests, the major failure of the Reagan budget planners has been their inability to get domestic spending under control—admittedly no easy task. This would require a thoroughgoing reform of the entitlement process, in which automatic outlays have routinely made mincemeat of the budget numbers agreed on by the Administration and Congress. This in turn would mean taking on the myriad client groups that have a vested interest in such spending.

As David Stockman discovered early on, and confessed to *The Atlantic*, the political will for such exertions did not exist in the higher echelons of the White House staff. There were some marginal changes around the edge of the entitlement problem, but talked-of plans for real reform were continually postponed—for all the obvious, pragmatic reasons. The result is that the budget has continued on its upward path.

Considering the central role that tax and spending decisions are supposed to play in a representative system, the implications of all this automatic spending are profound. It means, in essence, that the American people are no longer in charge of what is arguably the most critical aspect of their government: the degree to which the authorities can levy claims against the resources of the citizen. That issue, it may be recalled, was what produced the British Parliament, the revolution of 1628, and the war of American independence—to name a few of the more salient episodes in the history of free institutions.

One major difference this time around is that the public is systematically misinformed as to what is occurring, a process in which the constant outcry over non-existent tax and spending cuts has played a crucial role. Through a peculiar conjunction of motives, a tacit conspiracy has arisen to tell the public things have changed dramatically, when in fact they haven't.

The desire to spread this fable is most apparent on the Democratic side of the aisle, where such as Tip O'Neill and Walter Mondale have pounded the Administration for alleged indifference to the poor and toadying to the military. Such posturing consolidates these worthies with the client groups who receive the money and ideologues who dislike the Pentagon, and it propagates the gospel that nothing can avail against the deficit except a further hike in taxes.

On the Republican side, the political motivations are quite different, but the message comes out much the same. The Reaganites want to tell their own taxpaying, relatively conservative constituency that they have begun to deliver on their promises. They thus hold forth about "the largest tax cut in history" and "the dramatic halt in domestic spending growth" (a direct quotation from the fiscal '85 budget served up by the OMB).

Nor has the performance of the media, the alleged watchdogs of the public interest, helped. Here we are treated to endless stories about welfare mothers deprived of food stamps, and $600 toilet seats for the military. Seldom, if ever, are we given the data that show domestic spending continuing to soar out of sight, or told the reasons why it does so.

The bottom line so far is that Jimmy Carter—or more exactly, the forces he was seen to represent—has won the battle of the budget. Whether that trend can be altered in the future is, judging from the past five years, extremely doubtful. What seems quite certain is that, until the public is told the truth about the situation, prospects for authentic change are nil. □

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A TRIUMPH AT THE U.N.

NEW YORK, OCT. 28

THE PRESIDENT'S speech to the United Nations was a joy. It antagonized both the Soviet Union and American liberals, a sure sign that on October 24, God was in His Heaven, and all was right with the world.

Here is the point to keep one's eyes on. It is that our strategic posture vis-à-vis the Soviets has for a generation been defensive. We have always, or almost always, left it to them to determine the theater of combat. Obviously, when that happens, the enemy will choose favorable terrain. During the past period, the Soviet Union has posed as the suitor for an arms agreement that will leave the world safer from war. What never comes up is why there should be any danger of war in the first place.

But the Western specialty, dating back to the 1948 crisis in Berlin, has been the counter-salient. The Soviets block Berlin, so what do we do? Block Vladivostok? No, we airlift to Berlin. The Soviets threaten Lebanon, so we land troops in Lebanon. The Soviets mastermind (there is a historical question here) the invasion of South Korea, we land troops in South Korea. They move nuclear missiles into Cuba, we chase them out of Cuba. They invade Vietnam, we defend Vietnam. They attempt to colonize Grenada, we liberate Grenada.

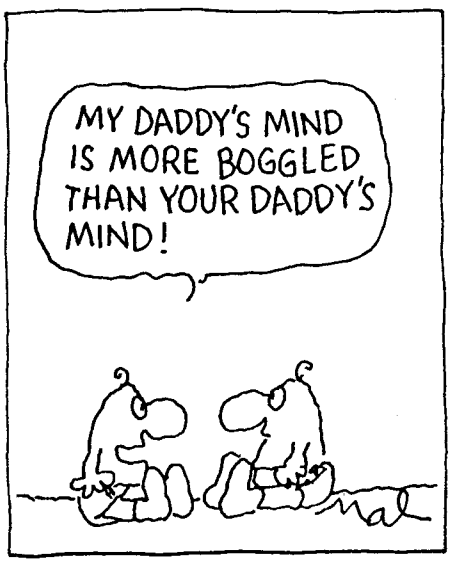
The theme of Mr. Reagan's talk can then be defined as: What is it that's going on in the world that gives rise to international tensions? As I say, it isn't the existence of a huge inventory of nuclear weapons: Weapons aren't inherently frightening, it is the will to use them as weapons that frightens. The President pointed to four areas of the world in which there is a great deal of tension: indeed, in which people are killing each other. Because of what Moscow has done, in Afghanistan. Because of what Moscow has done, in Nicaragua. Because of what Moscow has done, in Ethiopia. Because of what Moscow has done, in Angola. Subtract Soviet support of these revolutionary governments, and suddenly a great stillness would come. That is the kind of stillness that accompanies true rapprochement.

Sure, there was in the speech an element of national pride. Mr. Reagan referred to the United States as a country that occupies no land abroad except—a lovely metaphor—"beneath the graves where our heroes rest." But that isn't bombast, and although some of the editorial writers cringe at any expression of pride in the record of America, it is fairer to say that the difference between our record of conduct abroad since World War II and that of the Soviet Union is rather too infrequently remarked, than so frequently remarked as to elide into chauvinism. We have every reason to call to the attention of the world, as Mr. Reagan did, that we have given $300 billion in aid to the world's needy: a figure ten times as much as the request we have outstanding for research into a space shield.

AND WHY not recall, as Reagan did, what Premier Kosygin said in 1967 when we suggested a moratorium on ABM technology? Kosygin said, "I believe that defensive systems, which prevent attack, are not the cause of the arms race, but constitute a factor preventing the death of people. Maybe an anti-missile system is more expensive than an offensive system, but it is designed not to kill people but to preserve human lives." The *New York Times* editorial writer sniffed at quoting an "18-year-old statement." Well, the Bill of Rights is older than that.

They didn't interrupt Mr. Reagan, not once, to applaud him this time around. Last year, he was applauded every time he mentioned the need for arms control. It is a key to how things work in the United Nations that when you inquire as to why you need arms control, there is silence. There is applause only when you deal with the obvious threats posed by international tension. By analogy, they would applaud a speech about stopping AIDS, but not a speech about stopping dirty-needle use, or aberrant sexual habits.

Mr. Reagan may surprise the skeptics in Geneva. He has certainly not approached the summit in the spirit of someone who is willing, in exchange for ephemeral trade-offs in arms reduction, to give up on the important things. And these important things are those that distinguish life in the West from life behind the Iron Curtain. □



HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

NEW YORK, OCT. 21

THIS IS UN week here in New York, an event most of the country will be spared, even unto the reporting of what the princes of the three worlds tell us. There is a certain amount of color to it all, no denying that. This morning the dictator of Nicaragua went jogging in Central Park, followed by Secret Service guards carrying hidden machine guns. The day before, Mr. Mobutu hired two private railroad cars to take him and his staff to Washington. En route they were served caviar and champagne, among other things, and perhaps pondered the plight of the poor nations. The frugality of Mr. Mobutu is in contrast with his appearance at the UN in 1973, when he a) denounced America and the West in general, and b) traveled here aboard the *S.S. France*, where he had eighty first-class staterooms for his entourage, including his private photographer and his wife's hairdresser. So, in 12 years, Mobutu is reduced to fifty attendants and the *S.S. France* to none: The government in Paris said, in effect, that it couldn't afford to keep up the *France* as long as Mobutu traveled on it only once a year.

There is a lot of that kind of sniping against the Third Worlders, whose economic profligacy at home is quite simply a scandal: Mengistu of Ethiopia spending $50 million on a new building in Addis Ababa while American middle-class citizens send dollars to relief agencies for Ethiopia and

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musicians sing rock round the clock to raise money. There is that part of the UN that strains charity, but it is probably fair to say that most New Yorkers have got used to it, and not many speeches these days are devoted to it.

They talk about other things. Charles Lichenstein, the bright political scientist who served on the staff of Jeane the Great when she was our ambassador to the UN, electrified the world when, provoked, he reminded a UN official that the UN was always free to pack up and head out to sea, with a whole lot of Americans waving it goodbye as it sailed off into the sunset. Never mind that sailing into the sunset from Manhattan would end the UN up in Hoboken, nobody ever said Chuck Lichenstein was a cartographer. It was the thought that counted, and that thought had great and deep echo chambers in the American spirit, because the UN has outraged every ideal enunciated at its founding.

THAT IS what worries the thoughtful residents of New York. I mean, the idea of a celebration. Celebrate is what you do when you run the four-minute mile, or when you win a world war, or when Christ is risen. The problem with this week in New York City is that everyone is here to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the United Nations, but there is nothing to celebrate, unless you take the position that anything forty years old is worth celebrating, in which case AIDS has about 37 years to go before we celebrate it.

The United Nations is the greatest distillery of anti-Americanism outside the Kremlin. It is the greatest distillery of anti-Semitism even including the Kremlin. It is, to quote myself, the greatest assault on moral realism of any institution in the world today. The reason for this is that within the United Nations the assumption is that statesmen are concerting to advance liberty and comity. That underlying assumption is traduced by the behavior of the men who, in the United Nations, spread falsehoods, encourage hostilities, and deplore and restrict the growth of freedom, while excusing and indirectly encouraging the increase in terrorism.

Can it really be all that bad? No. Nothing is all that bad. There are fine men and women associated with the enterprise, who labor mightily to surface a clean thought every now and then. And, every now and then, the delegates are exposed to intelligent and resourceful research, even to a good speech. There is no doubting that there is a felt hunger in the world for peace and just a little liberty for oppressed peoples. And an adventurous spelunker willing to delve into the depths of UN oratory will every now and then bump into a little stalagmite expressing the deeply hidden ideals of the United Nations.

But there is precious little to celebrate. If ever it were relevant that the background of the President of the United States is that of an actor, it will be relevant on the day he arrives in New York to celebrate the UN's fortieth anniversary. □

FORGIVE ME, I AM BLIND

NEW YORK, NOV. 1

YOU ARE the jurors. Now hear this: One night back in November 1982, a middle-aged black policeman, Officer X, was visiting with relatives during the early evening. At about eight, he said good night and headed home. He had just entered the gates to his little house when, from behind, there was the rat-a-tat of an automatic rifle. Twenty slugs into the policeman, killing him instantly. A waiting car whisked the murderer away.

But after the murderer got home, he became intimate with his roommate and in due course told her that he had "shot the dog," Officer X. She listened, and after a while decided she'd better take her information over to the police. The police arrested the murderer, questioned him, and got from him a confession. Moreover, the murderer took them to the scene of the crime, re-enacted everything that had happened, even indicating where he had hidden and where the victim had fallen. He said that he had acted against Officer X because he was under orders, from a terrorist organization to which he belonged, to shoot him.

When, the following spring, the trial was held, the murderer suddenly recanted. He said in fact he hadn't killed Officer X. But it was much too late. Not only was the evidence circumstantially overwhelming, there were independent witnesses who corroborated every detail of that confession. When his lawyers pleaded that the confession was not valid, a court heard the complaint, and ruled that the confession had complied with the Criminal Procedure Act of 1977. The murderer was accordingly sentenced to death and denied appeal, on the grounds that there were no extenuating circumstances: the precondition for appeal in that country. A date was set for the execution two years later.

Shortly before the scheduled execution, the murderer's lawyers came in with an entirely different appeal. Yes, they said, it was true that the murderer had killed Officer X. But they wanted to have a fresh trial at which they could establish that the mental condition of the murderer at the time of the killing was indeed an extenuating circumstance. The court put off the execution, which had been scheduled for the following day, heard out the fresh appeal, ruled in due course that it was not substantial, and rescheduled the execution.

Which execution took place on October 18 of this year.

Now listen to what you can do to that story—if you are Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* and you are determined to put a hideous construction on literally anything the South African government does. Here is Mr. Lewis:

"President Botha and his officials have sent the message [that there will be no changes in South Africa] with uncommon clarity. Their recent actions have had the character of not only rejection but provocation.

"Consider, for example, the decision to execute a poet [question: What does it matter that the murderer was a poet?] and supporter of the outlawed African National Congress [that is the Marxist terrorist group that declines to disavow violence. Notice, no description by Mr. Lewis of the character of the ANC, which gave the murderer the instructions to kill the policeman] . . . It was more than two years since [the murderer] was sentenced to death for allegedly [get that allegedly. He was convicted, by his own confession, by circumstantial evidence, and by the confirmation of other witnesses] participating [you like that? You fire twenty slugs into someone and you are "participating" in a murder] in the murder of a policeman. The government granted a stay in August; it appeared to be responding to new evidence and to worldwide appeals for clemency. Then, suddenly, it proceeded with the execution. [The government commuted five death sentences at the same time that it considered, and denied, the appeal of the murderer in question.]

"The night before the hanging, soldiers surrounded the home of the poet's mother in Soweto, where she was holding a vigil, and fired tear gas into it. The next morning officials would not let her see her son before he died. [The vigil was a protest meeting at which violent action against the authorities was urged. The murderer's mother had visited with her son the day before the execution.]"

And, finally, "[The murderer's mother] is an elderly nonpolitical woman who said she once 'felt sympathy' for those in power. But now she said: 'This government is cruel. It is really, really, cruel.' "

So those are Mr. Lewis's rules. The murderer who fired into the back of an innocent black policeman, on the orders of a terrorist organization, is the character we are propped up to sympathize with. Not the police, judges, and government officials who brought him to justice. Mr. Lewis, like so many critics of South Africa, has got to the point where he can't even bring himself to call the act of a murderer cruel.

Weep, if you can still figure out whom to weep for, and whom to weep over. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Where an Indian might bury his heart (2 words) — 114 155 52 87 188 193 60 123 36 204 / 104

B. Do three dozen of these make a yard snake? — 34 58 108 173 156 218 137 213 10

C. Linger — 206 174 21 100 164 121

D. Government House notable (full name) — 81 95 187 208 59 150 112 19 125 192 / 69 45 5 178

E. Home of Ulysses — 107 142 66 32 215 220

F. This medical practitioner makes sure you get the point — 209 129 64 16 99 31 148 1 190 44 / 117 165 82

G. This lass has an udder job to do — 189 86 38 130 63 12 122 199

H. Planners — 153 219 94 37 120 136 72 6 210 20 / 200

I. Lovable Greek goddess — 205 135 79 57 35 9 221 105 179

J. Religions — 85 67 183 28 106 211

K. Financial holdings — 26 198 61 152 42 207 175 7 119

L. Breathes new life into — 191 161 51 4 133 202 27 149 101 88 / 65

M. Marie's sewing kit — 103 162 80 124

N. Barbarians — 15 96 203 186 126 73 46

O. Wacky + discharge = scion — 43 71 172 109 154 62 93 11

P. Lively Polish dance — 47 197 83 167 116 182 131

Q. Remembered — 56 23 111 171 41 185 89 158 196 8 / 139

R. City in southeastern Tennessee — 169 102 181 33 54 128 157 17 212 76 / 146

S. Home for the cultivation of tender plants — 217 98 39 145 166 214 78 14

T. Official greeter — 163 74 195 92 40 18 143

U. Additional ones — 24 176 48 77 201 138

V. Like watered-down legislation — 132 159 22 147 2 68 115 53 84

W. Detestable — 177 151 216 113 90 168 140 25 55

X. Kind of commerce regulated by Washington — 134 118 144 29 75 50 13 91 180 170

Y. Nobles who fleeced the tourists (2 words) — 194 70 160 97 3 30 127 49 222 110 / 184 141

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 F	2 V	3 Y	■	4 L	5 D	6 H	7 K	8 Q	9 I	■	10 B	11 O	12 G	13 X	14 S	15 N	■	16 F	17 R
18 T	19 D	20 H	21 C	22 V	23 Q	■	24 U	25 W	■	26 K	27 L	28 J	29 X	30 Y	31 F	32 E	33 R	34 B	35 I
36 A	37 H	38 G	■	39 S	40 T	41 Q	42 K	43 O	44 F	45 D	46 N	47 P	■	48 U	49 Y	50 X	■	51 L	52 A
53 V	54 R	■	55 W	56 Q	57 I	58 B	59 D	60 A	■	61 K	62 O	■	63 G	64 F	65 L	66 E	■	67 J	68 V
69 D	■	70 Y	71 O	■	72 H	73 N	74 T	75 X	76 R	77 U	■	78 S	79 I	80 M	81 D	82 F	83 P	84 V	■
85 J	86 G	87 A	88 L	■	89 Q	90 W	91 X	92 T	93 O	94 H	95 D	■	96 N	97 Y	98 S	99 F	100C	■	101L
102R	103M	■	104A	105I	106J	107E	108B	109O	■	110Y	111Q	■	112D	113W	114A	115V	116P	■	117F
118X	■	119K	120H	121C	122G	123A	124M	125D	126N	■	127Y	128R	129F	130G	■	131P	132V	■	133L
134X	135I	136H	137B	138U	■	139Q	140W	141Y	142E	143T	■	144X	145S	146R	147V	■	148F	149L	150D
■	151W	152K	■	153H	154O	155A	156B	157R	■	158Q	159V	■	160Y	161L	■	162M	163T	164C	■
165F	166S	167P	168W	169R	170X	■	171Q	172O	■	173B	174C	175K	176U	177W	178D	179I	180X	181R	182P
183J	184Y	185Q	■	186N	187D	188A	■	189G	190F	191L	192D	193A	194Y	■	195T	196Q	197P	198K	199G
200H	■	201U	202L	203N	204A	205I	206C	207K	208D	■	209F	210H	■	211J	212R	■	213B	214S	215E
216W	■	217S	218B	219H	■	220E	221I	222Y	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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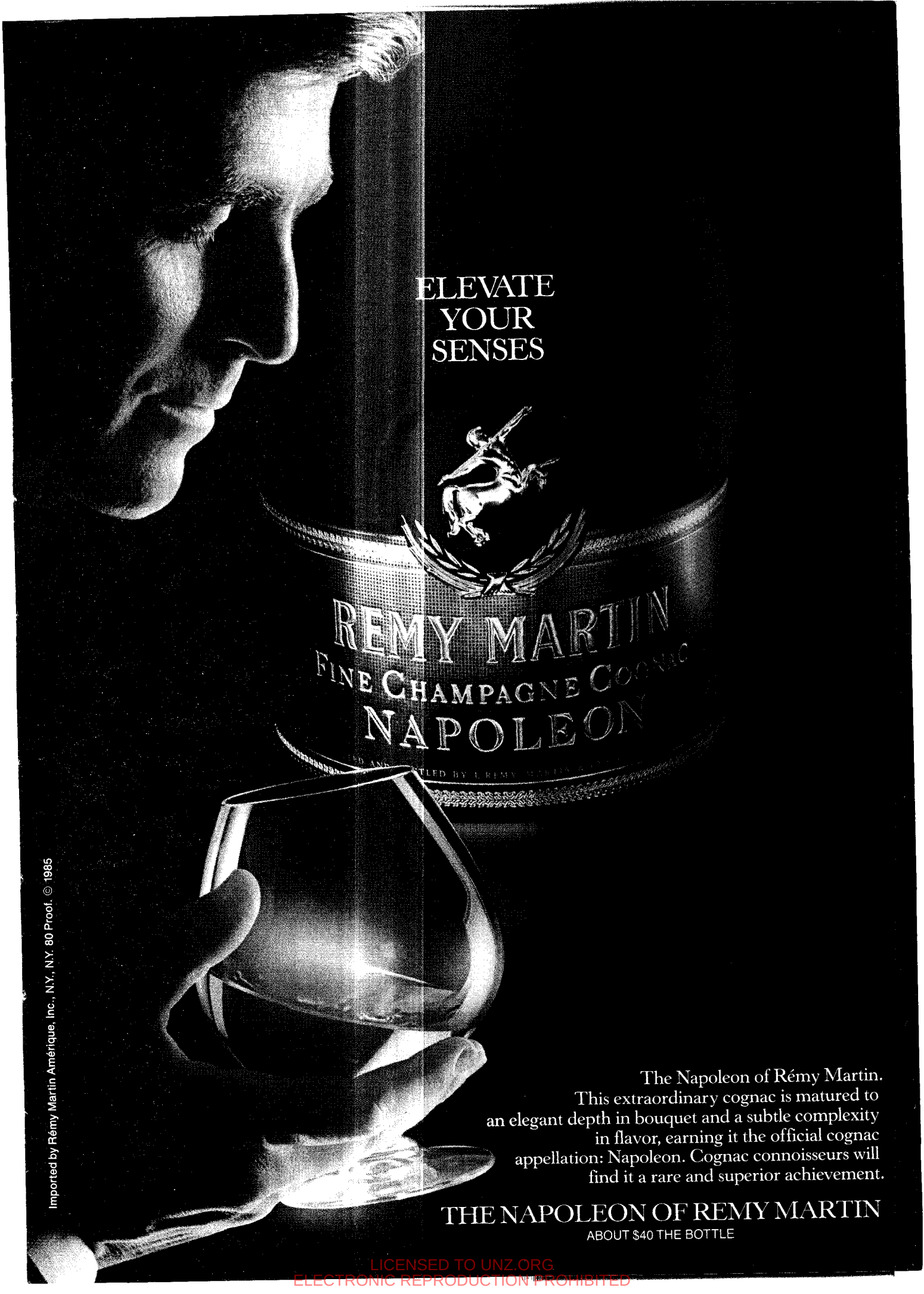

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